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MISCELLANEOUS POETRY:

BY

EDWARD COXE, ESQ;

OF HAMPSTEAD-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

" Ego Apis Matinæ
" More modoque
" Grata carpentis thyma per laborem,
" Plurimum circa nemus." HORACE.

ANGLICÈ.

" I, like the Bee, from bow'r to bow'r,
" Extract the sweets of many a flow'r."

BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

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1805.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BRAYBROOKE.

MY DEAR LORD,

AS my first attempts at poetical composition were encouraged by Mr. NEVILLE, your late excellent Father; and as several of the earliest pieces in this Miscellany were written at Billingbear, where I passed in your society many of the happiest hours of my life; to whom can I inscribe these productions with so much propriety, as to your Lordship, whose love and taste for Poetry, I have had so many opportunities to appreciate?

But I am more particularly influenced by the occasion it affords me, of thus publicly declaring, how sensible I am of the honour of your intimacy and friendship for so many years; and of testifying the affectionate attachment of,

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED,

HUMBLE,

AND MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT,

EDWARD COXE.

BATH, JAN. 1805.

PREFACE.

THE Author of this Miscellany has not attempted the higher regions of Poetry, for he does not agree in sentiment with the Roman Poet, when he says,

> " Quod si deficiant vires, audacia certe
> " Laus erit, in *magnis* et *voluisse* sat est.

He has contented himself, therefore, with endeavouring to extract, like the bee in his motto, some honey from the humbler flowers of the valley.

How far even *there* he may have succeeded, the reader must judge, to whom

these *Trifles* are submitted with diffidence; and yet he is not altogether without hope, that some may be found not entirely unworthy of perusal. Leaving his Original Productions to their fate without any farther comment, he begs leave to make a few remarks on the subject of his Imitations.

In regard to those of PETRARCH, he requests indulgence, and intreats more particularly the candid reader of the Italian to consider the difficulty of transfusing the peculiar beauties, exquisite pathos, and inimitable harmony of the original into the English language; which, though equal to the grand and sublime, is certainly inferior in grace and flexibility. He deems it also necessary to add, that whenever he has introduced a thought or sentiment, which is not contained in the original sonnet, he has always drawn its substitute

from some other composition of the same author.

In his imitations of HORACE and MARTIAL, he shelters himself under the precedents of other writers, for the liberties he has taken in *applying* modern characters and customs: for this reason, he has translated, imitated, or paraphrased, as inclination prompted, or the nature of the subject required, preserving, as far as suited his objects, or as he was able, the original turn of thought and sentiment. He has subjoined the Italian and the Latin of the Poets he has imitated, not with a view of swelling the book, but to enable the classical reader more readily to compare each translation with the original.

P. S. It may be proper to state that some of the Epigrams and three or four of

the other compositions have occasionally found their way into print.—Among the latter he has to note that the blank verses on Contentment, the Lines on Dancing, and the Epitaph on a Young Lady, were, by permission of the Author, introduced into the "Female Mentor," a work calculated chiefly for the instruction and amusement of the youthful female mind,—printed for CADELL and DAVIES, Strand, London.

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STANZAS

ON THE INJURY SUSTAINED IN THE VIOLENT STORM ON JAN. 1ST, 1779, BY THE

GREAT ELM, AT BILLINGBEAR,

THE SEAT OF RICHARD NEVILLE NEVILLE, ESQ.

I.

WHEN from the North the tempest rag'd,
Dire war with roofs and chimnies wag'd,
And solid beams disjointed;
"'Tis an ill wind that blows no good,"
Cried COLLINS,* in a merry mood—
But Tom was disappointed.

* TOM COLLINS was the name of the bricklayer employed by Mr. NEVILLE.

II.

In vain he chuckled at the thought,
That brick and mortar might be brought,
And much the house be done to;
Roofs, chimnies, cupola, and all,
Stood stedfast as thy dome, St. Paul,
And firm as AMYAND's* junto.

III.

Then, blush, ye architects, who raise
The frippery buildings of these days,
To fame make no pretension;
Like Billingbear they ne'er shall last,
Tho' stucco'd, to resist the blast,
By ADAMS's invention!

---

* The late JOHN AMYAND, esq; (brother of Sir GEORGE CORNWALL) who was then at Billingbear with the Author, and was connected with some persons of consideration in the city, or the purpose of taking the loan at that time.

IV.

Athwart the park, with angry mien,
The Spirit of the Storm was seen,
And rent the groves asunder;
First whistling like a shepherd's pipe,
But soon with big destruction ripe,
And roaring loud as thunder.

V.

To weep and view the pit'less storm
Its desolating work perform,
The Sylvan Nymphs assembled;
Scar'd at the horror of the sight,
The Dryads shriek'd with wild affright,
The Hamadryads trembled.

VI.

But when the Elm receiv'd the blow,
Who can describe PHILEMON's woe,
Or paint his deep dejection?
"Alas!" he cry'd, "my fav'rite tree,
"Whose shade has oft protected me,
"Wanted itself protection!

VII.

" No more with joy shall I behold
" Thy mutilated arms unfold
" Their foliage to the spring;
" Nor, when thy lessen'd shade I court,
" View them again in wanton sport
" Play with the zephyr's wing.

VIII.

" And where is now thy tufted bower,
" Which, crown'd with many a festive flower,
" Shut out the scorching ray?
" When many a youth, and many a maid,
" Beneath thy ampler branches play'd,
" On RICHARD's* natal day.

IX.

" Ah, luckless Tree! these streaming eyes
" With thee too fondly sympathise;
" Thy griefs my pity claim:
" The same sad fate I'm doom'd to mourn,
" My feeble limbs the Gout has torn,
" That tempest of the frame!"

---

* The Christian name of LORD BRAYBROOKE.

X.

He ceas'd: when thus an humble bard,
With sorrowing looks of fond regard,
PHILEMON's anguish viewing—
'Forbear these plaintive tears to shed;
'Thy Elm still rears his tow'ring head,
'Majestic e'en in ruin!

XI.

'The Naiads of a neighbouring* spring
'To thee the cup of health shall bring,
'And pain no longer wound thee:
'In life's dark storms thou art not tost;
'Nor are thy lovely branches† lost;
'For see—they twine around thee!

XII.

'To comfort thy declining age,
'To soothe the gout's malignant rage,
'Around thy couch they stand.'
"Yes, Heav'n is kind!" PHILEMON said,
Then fondly kiss'd the gentle maid,
And clasp'd his RICHARD's hand.

---

* Sunning-Hill. † The present LORD BRAYBROOKE, and his sister, MRS. JALABERT.

INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE

GROTTO,

AT THE END OF THE OAK WALK, AT BILLINGBEAR.

[*On the Outside.*]

NOR Parian stone, nor costly shell,
Adorns this humble moss-grown cell;
This lowly roof should ne'er supply
A thought that tends to luxury.

But if a rustic plain retreat,
Fit shelter for a hermit's feet,
Can tempt thee from the open glade,
To rest beneath the tranquil shade;

This Grotto enter:—Hence survey
A lovely landscape, richly gay,
And own that Nature's charms impart
A bliss, beyond the reach of Art.

[*On the Inside.*]

EMBOW'RING oaks, a stately row,
Around their spreading branches throw,
And tow'ring with gigantic size,
Lift their proud summits to the skies.

On either side a verdant lawn
Glitters with dew-drops in the dawn;
In playful herds the speckled deer
Crop the sweet turf, and wanton here.

But when the ev'ning shades prevail,
And twilight steals across the dale.
How mild, how awfully serene,
Appears this beauteous sylvan scene!

Then fancy sees, or seems to see,
Beneath each venerable tree,
Dryads and Hamadryads rove,
Along their consecrated grove:

And as they tread the sacred ground,
Aërial music breathes around,
And choral streams, distinctly clear,
Thus break upon the ravish'd ear:—

" Ye lofty oaks, who long have stood,
" Majestic sovereigns of this wood,
" All hail! and may you still defy
" The anger of the frowning sky.

" Though other groves are often broke,
" And bow beneath the woodman's stroke;
" The ruthless clown shall ne'er intrude,
" Nor pierce your peaceful solitude.

" For here the NEVILLES and the GREYS
" Protection to the wood-nymphs raise;
" Who hail the blest auspicious hour,
" When first they chose this sacred bow'r.

" And though ye can recall no more
" Your Druid Bards' prophetic lore,
" Ye still the Poet shall inspire,
" And harmonize the British Lyre!"

A LETTER IN VERSE

TO

A FRIEND,

ON HAVING HIS HAIR CUT OFF PREVIOUS TO HIS TAKING ORDERS.

Now COURTOIS opes the glittering forfex wide
T' inclose the locks—now joins it to divide;
The meeting points the parting hair dissever
From WILLIAM's head for ever and for ever!

ACCEPT, my Friend, this motley lay,
That's partly grave, and partly gay;
Nor blame me, if a theme I choose,
Though odd, no stranger to the Muse;
A theme, by which e'en POPE thought fit
T' immortalize his classic wit.

BELINDA's hair—severe event!—
Was cut without the nymph's consent;
But you, the shock however rude,
Submit with decent fortitude;
For the catastrophe prepare,
While COURTOIS comes to cut your hair.
Yet tell me, ere the fatal sheers
In dread array were open'd wide,
To crop this nurtur'd growth of years,
And rob thy head of half its pride;
Didst thou not then—(for nature still
Shrinks at the near approach of ill,
And, spite of philosophic lore,
Tremblingly feels at every pore)—
Say, didst thou not, ere yet too late,
Claim a short respite of thy fate;
And with involuntary sighs,
Thus mournfully soliloquise?

Is it decreed? and must I never
Regain the locks these sheers will sever?
Must I then bid a long adieu
To length of hair in bag and queue?

No longer in a tail descending,
(Thus sublunary joys have ending,)
Or in a ribbon twisted neat,
With perfum'd powder smelling sweet,
Or in a bag, you will be seen,
That so adorns the wearer's mien;
And still, e'en more improves his air,
When join'd with graceful solitaire.
But in their stead, a slender row
Of curls will mar me for a beau;
Buckled with formal grave precision,
Close, uniform, without division,
Which, when or damp or rain descends,
Will hang as strait as candle-ends;
Or lank as flax from distaff feel,
When housewives ply the spinning-wheel.
Ah! what will powder then avail,
If I must lose the bag and tail?
Or COURTOIS, all thy curling art,
If I from these long locks must part?

When clad in black, from top to toe,
(Dismal reverse of dress and shew)

My whispers will no more, I fear,
Be welcome to the female ear.
And thus with all my stock of knowledge,
And lively parts improv'd at college,
I shall be disregarded quite,
My round snug curl be call'd a fright;
And the poor parson be deserted,
Because he is not ruffle-shirted.

Here quit, fond Muse, the sportive style,
Pleas'd if it raise a cheerful smile:
But do not think it strange that I
Pen for you this soliloquy:
Since first the Muse on Pindus dwelt,
In fiction bards have ever dealt,
And both in late and early ages,
With thoughts and speeches fill'd their pages,
Which often, if the truth were known,
Though palm'd on others, are their own.

Yet ere I take my leave, permit
Plain truth a word, as well as wit;

For truth with native force prevails,
When wit's extinct, and genius fails:
Let not my mirth excite offence,
Nor deem advice, impertinence.

Be to the Church a firm support,
To GOD alone pay fervent court;
With servile flatt'ry never fawn
On haughty priests in sleeves of lawn.
Let JORTIN your example be,
He scorn'd the arts of flattery:
Zealous, like him, for toleration,
Preach the great doctrine of salvation;
Free from the jargon of the schools,
From orthodox and high-church rules.
True orthodox divines are they,
Who GOD and his commands obey,
Who faith and works together blend,
And shew we must on both depend.

The alteration in your dress
Will never make you lov'd the less:
A Parson's habit though you wear,
Still you will please the virtuous fair;

And men of sense and education
Will court your lib'ral conversation.
Thus nor the colours black or grey
Will for one instant take away
Your own peculiar pow'r to please,
And manners grac'd with native ease;
And while you charm, without pretence,
By lively wit and sterling sense;
Aw'd with respect e'en Pride shall view
Your sober garb, and envy you.

HYMN

FOR THE

PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

[Set to Music by Dr. Busby, and sung at one of their public Dinners.]

TO snatch deserted youth from sin and woe,
Pity the sacred charge to you has giv'n;
Your guardian care protects them here below,
Relieves each want, and points the way to Heav'n.

Then, while their thanks like grateful incense rise,
Let our glad strains with theirs united be:
Angels themselves th' ascending notes shall prize,
And hail, with joy, Divine Philanthropy!

Divine Philanthropy! whose heav'nly voice
Amid the seraph choir this descant ran—
"My blessed vot'ries shall in GOD rejoice,
"And live in bliss with Him who died for man."

O! ye, whose wealth can smooth affliction's tear,
Secure that bliss by God-like pity *here!*

SONNET,

[Imitated from a Passage in 'La Bergere des Alpes,' of Marmontel.]

WITH what a gentle, parting ray serene,
With what a tranquil gleam, and soften'd light,
The setting sun shuts the diurnal scene,
Then sinks beneath the wave—and all is night!

Thus at the awful close of life's sad stage,
Perplex'd with wand'rings, and beset with care,
The soul, exhausted in her pilgrimage,
Pants to be free, and breathe a purer air:

Elate with hope, eager to take the wing,
And to that promis'd happier spot to fly,
Where she may bloom again in youthful spring,
And quaff the stream of immortality.*

But how remote is that celestial day;
And with how dull a step life lingers on the way!

* "Quaffs immortality and joy." MILTON.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE

SETTING IN OF A SEVERE WINTER.

AH! where is now the balmy breath of May,
That wakes dull Nature from her sullen trance;
When Flora, crown'd by Spring with chaplets gay,
With Venus and the Graces swells the dance?

Ah! where is Summer's animated glow,
The eve unclouded, and the purple dawn;
When thro' the warbling groves young zephyrs blow,
Or cool the heats that scorch the upland lawn?

Ah! where is Autumn, with his ripen'd stores
Of all that earth's reviving bounty yields;
From her full horn, when Amalthea pours
The stream of plenty o'er the laughing fields?

All, all are fled, beyond the western main,
To sport in climes beneath serener skies:
Stern Winter frowns; but let not man complain—
Spring shall return, and brighter hours arise.

Till then, if keen the blast, the cheering fire
Draws pleasure's social circle round its side;
While the united seasons all conspire,
To heap the board, where mirth and wit preside.

But let not mirth disdain to melt at woe!
The Poor should never supplicate in vain;
When, o'er the dreary waste of trackless snow,
They fly from Winter's desolate domain.

Then ere they sink beneath th' inclement sky,
Kind Christian, ope thine hospitable gate;
With active zeal prevent Want's asking eye,
And soothe the anguish of the wanderer's fate.

So shall e'en Winter, mid the howling storm,
To Pity's god like heart more comfort bring,
Than Autumn's riches, Summer's radiant form,
Or the soft blush, that decks the cheek of Spring!

SONNET

TO

DELIA,

ON COMPLAINING OF WANT OF SLEEP.

MORPHEUS! thou gentle god of soft repose,
Why art thou absent from my much-lov'd fair?
Though oft regardless of my midnight woes,
Yet take, O take my DELIA to thy care.

And see! she courts thee:—O that I were sleep!
Then would I close those dear bewitching eyes,
Tho' 'bove the sun's proud ray their beams I prize;
And in "forgetfulness her senses steep."

What bliss her nightly visitant to be!
To 'fold her, though with unsubstantial arms!
To gaze, though but a phantom, on her charms!
Yet, MORPHEUS, since that heav'n's reserv'd for thee,
From her sweet slumbers frightful visions keep,
And let her not—as I do—wake to weep!

FOR MUSIC.

OF all the mis'ries that destroy,
In bloom of youth, its promis'd joy;
What equals the heart-rending pain,
He feels, who loves—but loves in vain?

As the pale Moon ascends on high,
He heaves the deep, dejected sigh:
And when the day's bright Orb appears,
He views it through a mist of tears.

Deaf to his oft-repeated call,
Hope never comes, who comes to all;
And slighted by the faithless fair,
He falls a victim to despair.

But when his parting knell is rung,
And Pity his sad dirge has sung;
Too late those strains her mind will move
To mourn the youth, who died for love!

Too late the sounds of death will toll,
When keen despair shall seize her soul!
Too late, when Fate's avenging doom
Shall sink her in her Lover's tomb!

ON

THE MOON.

THOUGH but with borrow'd lustre CYNTHIA shine,
The origin she boasts is still divine;
And from her meeker orb o'er nature throws
A peaceful stillness, and a calm repose:
Save, when the Bird of Eve, from dewy spray,
Awakens silence with her thrilling lay;
For, oh, her strains too tenderly impart
Their plaintive sorrows to the love-lorn heart!

IN DEFENCE OF

A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

"As if Life depended upon Luck, and all that we are, or can
"be, and all that we have or hope for, could possibly be
"referred to Accident!" COWPER.

SCEPTICS, in vain your system ye advance,
A *sparrow* falls not to the ground by *chance*.
If sacred truth this firm assurance give,
How then by *chance* can GOD's own image live?

If *chance* alone direct this earthly ball,
Why may not *chance* as well create it all;
And form what we behold so round and fair,
From jumbling atoms since united there?
Who builds a system, warring thus with sense,
Denies an interposing Providence.

From finite wisdom what illusions spring!
Chance either *nothing* does, or *every thing*:
For I defy the sages, who explore
The heights and depths of metaphysic lore,
To mark the bound'ry line, their pride defends,
Where chance his boasted pow'r begins or ends.

What's *chance*, but fortune? fortune, but the theme
Of waking poets, or the sceptics dream?
Then how can Reason *erring chance* obey,
Or *a blind idol's visionary sway?*

Nor pain, nor pleasure, drew from *chance* their birth;
Both wing'd from heav'n their destin'd flight to earth;
Ordain'd by Him, who numbers all our hours,
To strew our couch with thorns, our path with flow'rs.

Yet still we read his Providence amiss;
Bliss often ends in pain, and pain in bliss.
Hence when he feels affliction's chast'ning rod,
Man sues for grace, and makes his peace with GOD:

In pleasure sunk, he hears DEATH's fatal cry,
All unprepar'd; or sees his children die.

Thus human sight is blindness; GOD, ALL EYES,
ALL-POWERFUL, ALL-PRESENT, and ALL-WISE!
From an immutable, unerring cause,
Flows the pure stream of his eternal laws:
Of all these orbs He framed the wond'rous plan,
And view'd futurity, ere time began.

Shall then vain man, who can but *darkly* see
What is, presume to think *what ought to be?*
To his CREATOR shall the creature say,
'*Thou* reign'st *to-morrow, Chance* presides *to-day:*'
Or when the glory's due to GOD alone,
A PHANTOM place on his DIVIDED THRONE?

LATIN INSCRIPTION,

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

HAS inter placidas umbras et amœna vireta
Qua trepidans leni labitur unda sinu,
Sperabam longos, heu! tecum ducere soles,
Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu!
Fato aliter visum est——urnam mihi restat inanem
Ornare, et mœstâ dicere voce "Vale!"

IMITATION.

AMID these verdant meads and pleasant groves,
Where the rill murmurs, as it gently roves,
With thee I hoped to pass long years of rest,
And welcome age on thy fond faithful breast:
But I am doom'd, in the cold grave, to view
All that remains of thee, and sigh—Adieu!

CONTENTMENT.

"I HAVE LEARNED IN WHATEVER STATE I AM,
"THEREWITH TO BE CONTENT."

SO spake the Apostle PAUL the soothing words
Of exemplary patience:—sweet they sound
To ears that will receive them, sweeter far
Than the proud lessons which the Stoics taught
In all their boasted schools.—Affliction, pain,
Penury, disease, and every various ill,
That bow the spirits to the earth, and oft
In the tumultuous breast awake despair,
Lose, when RELIGION lifts her cheering voice,
The sharpness of their sting.—The man at ease,
Who only preaches patience and content
Under woe's heavy pressure, but ne'er felt
The ills he makes so light of, is not heard,

Or heard but feebly: vain pedantic sounds,
That strike the ear, but seldom reach the heart.
But when we hear a persecuted Saint,
A suff'ring, meek Apostle, one through life
Who struggled with calamity, who died
A willing martyr to the cause of truth:
When holy PAUL we hear, with strains inspir'd,
Preach resignation in affliction's school,
We feel the saving—the resistless force
Of his persuasive accents!—In my heart,
With characters indelible, remain
Ye blessed words of comfort!—GOD of Heav'n!
Eternal King! Disposer, great and good,
Of life and death, of happiness and woe!
Teach me, whate'er may be my portion here,
To prove myself thy servant! May conceit,
Self-love, and pride, be strangers to my heart!
And if prosperity's all-cheering sun
Should gild the noon and ev'ning of my days,
Let me be grateful, and disperse around,
To those who languish in this vale of tears,
The comforts it gives birth to!—But, O LORD!
If haply it should be thy gracious will,

To visit me with chastisement and sorrow—
Thy gracious will be done! Prone on the earth,
Teach me to deprecate thy wrath, and kiss
The rod ev'n while it chastens!—Sure I am,
The hand which bruiseth and inflicteth wounds,
Can heal those wounds, and bind them up for ever!

ODE, BY GRAY.

O Lacrymarum Fons, tenero nimis
Ducentium ortus ex animo, quater
Felix in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sentit.

IMITATION.

FOUNTAIN of tears, whose gentle waters rise
From the too tender heart, that melts at woe;
Blest is that heart, and blest the softened eyes,
Thro' which thy sacred streams so sweetly flow!

SONG.

SWEET Nightingale, from yonder spray,
Who warblest thy enchanting lay,
Beneath these rocks, these woods among,
Should DELIA stray to hear thy song;

Tell her, the stream that bathes each flower,
Which decks thy fond sequester'd bower,
Now flowing in its gentle bed,
Springs from the tears for her I shed!

And tell her, that the murm'ring breeze,
Whose whispers pant upon the trees,
When the soft cadence faintly dies,
Is the sad echo of my sighs!

And if my sighs and tears impart
No kind emotions to her heart;
As I resign my parting breath,
Oh! tell her—'tis the note of Death!

In the cold grave when I am laid,
And thy sweet music* soothes my shade!
Haply thou may'st my DELIA move,
To pity him who died for love!

---

* "The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost."
POPE.

DELIA.

HOW could my heart of CUPID's pow'r beware,
Whose bow-string is compos'd of DELIA's hair?
Or when the urchin suits, his skill defy,
Whose arrows are the rays of DELIA's eye?
Or how escape his fascinating wiles,
Who tunes her voice, and animates her smiles?

TO COMMEMORATE

THE PRESERVATION

OF THE

NINE ELMS, ON HAMPSTEAD-HEATH.

Non vide il mondo si leggiardi rami,
Nè mosse il vento mai si verdi frondi.

THE Muses, since the birth of Time,
Have ever dwelt on heights sublime,
On Pindus now they gather'd flowers,
Now sported in Parnassian bowers;
And late, when MURRAY* deign'd to rove
Beneath Caen-Wood's sequester'd grove,
They wander'd oft when all was still,
With him and POPE† on Hampstead-Hill.

* The first Earl MANSFIELD. † POPE addressed his beautiful Imitation of HORACE's "Intermissa Venus diu," to Lord MANSFIELD, when the Hon. Mr. MURRAY.

One eve, as they inhal'd the breeze,
They mark'd a little clump of trees,
And chose it for their fav'rite shrine;
The trees were Elms—the number, Nine.

That the sweet groupe might flourish fast,
Fierce Boreas checks his piercing blast:
Keen Eurus, as he sweeps the glade,
Skims lightly o'er their hallow'd shade;
Around them young FAVONIUS flings
Fresh dew-drops from his balmy wings;
And Spring, to deck the lovely scene,
Crowns them each year with softer green:
While near the blest enchanting spot,
Heard faintly from a lowly cot,
In concert with the sylvan quire,
An humbler Bard thus strikes the lyre;
As their expanding leaves display
The fostering hand of gentle May.

" Shall then the Muse's nurslings feel
" The axe's unrelenting steel?
" Shall ERSKINE, who the Nine invokes,
" Raise 'gainst the Nine its impious strokes:

" Shall *he* the feather'd songsters daunt,
" And fright them from this sacred haunt?
" Who, owning all the pow'rs that dwell
" Within the voice's magic swell,
" Is bound by ev'ry tie to be
" The guardian of sweet Harmony!"

The poet's prayer, the plaintive strain,
Reach'd not the Muses' ear in vain:

'ERSKINE,' they cry'd, 'at our command,
'Disarms his sacrilegious hand!
'While yonder castle* towers sublime,
'These Elms shall brave the threats of Time,
'And strong in our protection rise,
'In rival height, to meet the skies;
'Proud their rich foliage to adorn
'With the †first rays that gild the morn!'

---

* Windsor, seen very distinctly from Hampstead.

† They stand in the highest part of the Heath.

OVID, IN EXILE,

TO THE

BIRD OF VENUS.

[From the French of the MARQUIS DE PEZZAI.]

HITHER direct thy rapid flight,
And on these plains, sweet Dove, alight;
The Muse thy kindness shall repay
With softest strain, and sweetest lay.

Oh, come! nor heed this freezing sky—
For in my bosom thou shalt lie;
Which yet has warmth, and can unchill
Thy stiffen'd wing, and frozen bill.

Dear Bird! I will not keep thee long,
For thou shalt take this tender song—
This tender song! which love inspires
With his own pure and faithful fires.

Thy rosy beak shall swiftly bear
The precious charge along the air,
In distant climes my fair to meet,
And lay it at my JULIA's feet.

Soon as her gentle heart shall know,
How oft my tears, (that nightly flow,
And are each rising morn renew'd)
Thy silver plumage have bedew'd;

She will reward thee with a kiss:
But grateful for that balmy bliss,
Return, and with her answer fly,
To him, who must without it die!

EPISTOLARY VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN B——, ESQ.

WHO WAS PRESENT WITH THE AUTHOR AT A POMPOUS BUT BAD DINNER.

" And gives to *airy Nothing*
" A local Habitation and a Name."

SHAKESPEARE.

GIVE me a room sixteen feet square,
A snug fire-side, an elbow chair,
A dinner good, and plain and neat,
Well serv'd, well dress'd, enough to eat;
The table to contain, at most,
Five cheerful guests, besides our host:
That thus the pleasantry and wit
Be not in separate parties split;

And I, who wish to please at least,
Invited to the social feast.

But in our ears no toast to ring,
Except—" GOD bless the State, and King!"
No murmurs on the fall of stocks,
Nor who's for PITT, nor who for FOX;
For politics to feuds give birth,
And croaking mars convivial mirth.
And no French *plateau* in the middle,
Whose meaning no one can unriddle,
Unless it serve to fill the space
English roast beef would better grace:
(Invention which deriv'd must be
From avaricious penury:)
And no French *kickshaws* all around,
The sight and taste which so confound,
That as we carve each meagre dish,
Fish looks like fowl, and fowl like fish.

For I detest the vain parade
Of dinners thus in masquerade;

And still prefer good English fare
On pewter dish, or earthen ware,
To all the plate that ever shone,
In freezing house of CELADON;
Or all his porcelain, though it came
From Artois, Sêve, and Angoulême.
For plates, though exquisitely neat,
Were surely never made to eat!

Then, JOHN, let you and I retire
From giant room, and pigmy fire;
And never dine, if we are wise,
With those who only feast our eyes.

SONNET,

TO DELIA.

WITH THE AUTHOR's PICTURE.

TO cheer the gloom of dark desponding woes,
When separation tears the tortur'd heart;
PAINTING—by Love inspir'd!—on earth arose,
To soothe us with her imitative art.

His kindling hand, unseen, her touch befriends,
That vies with Nature in no easy strife,
When the true tints with magic spell she blends,
And warms the iv'ry with the glow of life.

Go then, bless'd miniature! to DELIA go!
The pangs of absence aid her to beguile:
Bid her bright eyes from tears some respite know,
And in her face light up one heav'nly smile:

That heav'nly smile—at sight of thee—will prove
Thy strong resemblance to her absent love!

SONNET,
TO DELIA.
WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

Mitto tibi hæc rodoclea virentia serta virenti
Texuit hæc solo ducta ab amore manus,
Narcissumque rosamque legens, mollemque anemonem et
Candida cœruleis lilia cum violis.
Indue et hæc, *et mitem animum*, florem esse memento,
Pulchrior his qui sit forsitan et brevior.

JORTIN.

DELIA! thy waving tresses to adorn,
I cull'd the fairest and the freshest flowers,
That ever blossom'd on a vernal morn,
Or shed their fragrance in Arcadian bowers:

The lily, myrtle, hyacinth, and rose,
Form the gay wreath thy faithful EDWIN wove;
And if their mingled sweets and tints disclose
Thy EDWIN's skill, that skill he owes to love.

Yet twine them—*meekly!*—in thy auburn hair,
And let not pride thy gentle heart invade;
For though thy beauties bloom more sweetly fair,
They may—avert it, Heav'n!—more swiftly fade:

So shalt thou never prove to wisdom blind,
Whose charms, when beauty fades, will grace thy mind.

SONNET TO DELIA,

ON DESIRING HER AT A STATED HOUR TO LOOK AT THE MOON.

CINTHIA! thou lovely queen of pensive night,
Who, oft inspiring thy ENDYMION's sleep
With gentle dreams, o'er Latmo's airy steep
Didst hang, enamour'd, with a soften'd light:

Hide not in yon dark clouds thy modest rays,
Nor let their envious gloom thy beams invest;
When midnight reigns, and all but lovers rest,
DELIA and I on thy mild orb shall gaze.

Then, while protected by thy soothing aid,
Love consecrates to thought the tender hour,
In bright unclouded majesty array'd,
Gild with serenest radiance DELIA's bow'r:

And—if thou canst!—thy sacred calm impart,
To hush the throbbings of her aching heart!

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTON,

IN THE YEAR 1770.

[*Partly imitated from Anacreon.*]

ON the Steyne, the other day,
As the Muses chanc'd to stray,
CUPID fast asleep they found,
And with flow'ry garlands bound;
Then gave him up to CELIA's care—
CELIA, fairest of the fair!

Scarcely was the mischief done,
When poor VENUS miss'd her son:
Griev'd, she sought him far and wide,
Had him by the bell-man cry'd;
In the papers advertis'd him,
Off'ring those who had surpris'd him,

As the little rogue was handsome,
Great rewards, and tempting ransom.

To the belles she promis'd beauty:
But if youth had done its duty,
She had paints, that work'd a wonder,
Kept each crack and wrinkle under;
And a wash, of choice perfume,
To repair the faded bloom.

If well-dress'd they wish'd to be,
She could suit them to a T:
She had caps, with streamers flying;
Hats, with city barges vying;
Pearls, and beads, and heads of hair,
Higher than the highest wear;
And each bauble to be seen
In beauty's ample magazine.

If the fair-one's reigning passion
Were for beaux of ton and fashion:
W——x should desert his W——r;
J——s, his bottle and his jest;

H——, the gallant prince of ton,
Till his wife's last guinea's gone;
Should be ever at her side,
With her laugh, and dance, and ride;
Buy for her the best bijoux,
And (what seldom beaux can do,
When they talk) divert her too!

For the beaux, she had in store
Coats, and waistcoats, *brodés d' or;*
Breeches, that would fit Goliah;
Nails in plenty for Omiah—
Should her son have wing'd his flight
To his friends at Otaheite.

Banks with weeds she would supply,
And some unclass'd butterfly;
Whilst a curious salamander
Was to bribe his friend Solander.
A camelion first she thought,
Would the learned Swede have bought;
But for them who cares a farthing,
Now they're shewn in Chelsea garden?

Buckles of enormous size
Were to be Sir W——'s prize;
Hose for legs as thin as threads,
Spangled hats for empty heads.
Haunch of ven'son was for cits;
Bon-mots for exhausted wits.
For the dangling swains, whose hearts
Had been shot by Cupid's darts,
Was in petto kept the bliss
Of a smile—perhaps a kiss.

But in vain, for should they find him,
And untie the flowers that bind him,
Love his freedom would disdain,
And prefer sweet CELIA's chain!

" Vivamus, mea Lidia, atque amemus,
" Rumoresque senum severiorum
" Omnes anius æstimemus assis."

LET us, my Delia, while we live,
Crown'd with each bliss that love can give,
The rumours of the grave despise,
For life, alas! too swiftly flies;
And all its cares can only tend
To make us sooner reach its end.

Dear to each other, let's be gay,
And sport the frolic hours away:
Old age at last will fade thy charms,
Which now inspire to love's alarms;
And from thy cheek the roses fright,
That now attract my ravish'd sight!

I too, though now in youthful prime,
Must feel th' effects of envious time;
Grey hairs and wrinkles then will meet,
My trembling pulse must fainter beat,

In broken sounds my voice will die,
And dimness cloud my languid eye.

Ah! then, adieu! the social walk,
The soft embrace, the tender talk!
My tuneful pipe will then be mute,
Nor sport, nor dance, nor song can suit,
When love's bright warmth and genial fire,
Repress'd by frozen age, expire!

Then let us seize the present hour,
While beauty reigns in all its power;
And I, still warm in ardent youth,
Breathe in this kiss my plighted truth;
Let us the precious time improve,
In all the various sweets of love.

Then as my arms I fondly twine
Around that heav'nly neck of thine,
I'll clasp thee to my faithful breast,
With Hymen's chaste endearments blest,
Bid every other wish adieu;
And only live for love and you!

IMITATION OF MARMONTEL.

[From " L'Amitié à l'Epreuve."]

" THUS," (on the banks where Ganges rolls his tide
Proudly along) the youthful Indian cry'd
With many a piteous look, and plaintive smile,
" 'Tis thus the natives soothe a widow's fears,
" Eager to rush where the bright flame appears,
" That blazes round her husband's funeral pile.

" Her dress they deck with every study'd grace,
" Around her brow a wreath of flowers they place,
" And drown each anxious thought in songs of praise;
" Alas! her sacrifice will soon be o'er,
" While mine has lasting agonies in store,
" Never to know decrease, till life decays.

" Till life decays! that term how far remov'd!
" For since this anxious life's sad woes I've prov'd,
" Not eighteen years have ta'en their ling'ring
" flight;
" Then, ah! what mis'ries have I still to know;
" How many tears from these swoln eyes must flow,
" Ere death shall close them in eternal night!"

IMITATION,

FROM THE

"ANNETTE et LUBIN," of MARMONTEL,

FOR MUSIC.

Recitative accompanied.

LUBIN.

IF thus you weep, thus droop, and pine with care,
'Twill surely drive thy LUBIN to despair!
Check, dear ANNETTE! Oh! check that struggling sigh!
Nor clasp thy hands, nor fix that pensive eye!
For what offence, sweet girl, can we have given,
To make you weep, or wake the wrath of Heaven?

SONG.

ON the same hill, or flow'ry mead,
We led our flocks to sport and feed;
And when the sun had scorch'd the glade,
Together sought the woodland shade,

And there beneath one tree we sat:
There surely was no harm in that!

A bow'r I rear'd, there taught to twine
The sweetbriar, rose, and eglantine:
I chose the flow'rs you lik'd the best:
In that sweet spot you lov'd to rest,
Or pass the hours in lively chat;
There surely was no harm in that!

Opprest with heat, or tir'd with play,
You slept upon my knee one day,
And while your lips love's breath exhale,
I closer stole, to catch the gale:
Then—rapturous theft!—I snatch'd a kiss:
And sure there was no harm in this!

Awak'd by that caress, 'tis true,
You caught the thrilling rapture too;
Love beam'd from those consenting eyes,—
And when I saw your blushes rise,
And bosom gently heave with bliss!

ANNETTE.

Ah! sure there was no harm in this!

THE KISS.

FROM THE FRENCH SONG,
"LISON DORMOIT DANS UN BOCAGE."

ON Nature's soft and verdant bed,
At noontide's sultry hour,
LUCY reclin'd her lovely head,
And slept in DAMON's bow'r.

DAMON, who fondly all the while
A watchful silence kept,
Whispers—"Awake, my love, and smile;"
But still the fair one slept.

He next upon her blooming cheek
Fresh flow'rets gently throws:
But all in vain,—he cannot break
The nymph's serene repose.

At length, half eager, half afraid,
From her sweet lips he stole
A Kiss, that woke the slumb'ring maid,
And thrill'd her DAMON's soul.

But LUCY, like a little prude,
An angry look put on;
Complain'd, with warmth, that he was rude,
And bade the swain be gone.

"When I behold Aurora rise,
"She charms my ravish'd view:
"And yet she wakes," (the shepherd cries)
"Less beautiful than you.

"It robs my soul of half its bliss,
"To hear you thus complain:
"Sleep on, and with a gentle kiss
"I'll wake my love again!"

SONNET.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

COURTING the pensive calm that hush'd the air,
What time the silent Orb 'gan slowly rise,
And shed her trembling radiance o'er the skies,
I sought the grove—it echo'd my despair!

For hark! the plaintive warbler of the night
Deign'd with her thrilling woes to answer mine:
"And what, dear Bird," I cry'd, "mars thy delight?
"Why does thy flutt'ring breast with anguish pine?

"If stol'n thy young, thy mate to thee shall bring
"Comfort's sweet balm, to soothe thy sad distress:
"Another year your little loves shall bless;
"Another brood shall greet a future spring:

Love, and his joys, this breast for ever flee;
And Spring's a barren Wilderness to me!

SONNET.

TO THE OCEAN.

HIGH o'er the vex'd Atlantic, as I stand,
On beetling cliff, with many a grief opprest;
I view the raging Sea tear up the sand,
With waves on waves, that seem to know no rest.

Yet rest they know—for lo! the storm is o'er—
Bright o'er the dim Eclipse bursts forth the Day:
And the loud Winds, that bade the billows roar,
Faint, on the list'ning ear, now die away.

Expos'd to more than Elemental Strife,
No gleam of Hope my dark horizon cheers;
DESPAIR's black clouds hang louring on my life,
While LOVE o'erwhelms me with desponding tears!

When shall THIS HEART, that swells with endless pain,
Like thee, PERTURBED OCEAN, rest again?

SONNET.

TO THE SPRING.

HOW have I lov'd to woo thee, gentle Spring!
At early dawn to mark each op'ning flow'r,
Thy beauteous offspring! deck my smiling bow'r,
And hear thy birds their earliest love-notes sing.

Thou* art return'd; but with thee, soothing rest,
That sunshine of the soul, returns no more:
My halcyon days of calm content are o'er,
And wound me with the thought, I *once* was blest.

Thou art the same—earth's lap as soft a green;
Fragrance, and strains as sweet, my bow'r supplies:
But I am chang'd, amid th' unalter'd scene,
And view heav'n's fairest gifts with streaming eyes.

The charm that once to love and rapture led,
With DELIA flourish'd, and with DELIA fled!

---

* Ritornami ben mio
Non tornano i sereni
[illegible] Dolci mie giorni.——PASTOR FIDO.

STANZAS TO DELIA.

MY DELIA's heavenly smiles are sweeter far,
Than cheering sun-beam after vernal shower,
Or the mild ray of that propitious star,
Which lights the lover to the bridal bower.

Yet even when my DELIA smiles on me,
To my fond heart her charms are not so dear,
As when she heaves the sigh to misery,
And sheds, in Pity's cause, the tender tear!

SHE whom I lov'd from early youth,
With passion, tenderness, and truth,
For whom I now with anguish pine,
Lives—but she lives not to be mine!

Oh! had she died in beauty's prime,
Like LAURA, fading ere her time;
And I had *seen* life's quiv'ring fire
On her pale, speechless lip expire:

Though Death had cropp'd a fairer flower,
Than ever bloom'd in Eden's bower;
The Grave had been my rest from care,
And I had flown to meet her there!

BALLAD.

AMID Retirement's humble bowers,
Contentment strews the path with flowers:
Thus sings the Muse her soothing strain;
To me, alas! she sings in vain.

For not Retirement's tranquil seat,
Nor paths with fairest flow'rets sweet,
Nor murm'ring rill, nor shady tree,
Nor fields, have any charms for me!

She's gone, whose smiles illum'd each bower,
Whose lips breath'd fragrance on each flower;
And my poor heart, with anguish rent,
Shall ne'er again know calm content!

Epitaphs.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

STAY, passenger, and shed the pensive tear
For spotless innocence, that slumbers here!
Like a fair flower in spring, the garden's pride,
Nipp'd in the bloom of opening sweets, she died!

Yet not for her should pity's tear be given,
SHE changes pain for bliss, and earth for Heaven:
Weep for a Father's heart, with grief opprest,
And the keen anguish of a Mother's breast:

So may kind Heav'n thy gentle bosom save
The pang that bends them o'er a Daughter's grave!

ON THE LATE MRS FREELING.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus.
Tam cari capitis?

CALM is her slumber *here*!——But she shall rise,
And, like CECILIA, gain her native skies!
Yet though chaste Science her sweet strains refin'd,
To sweeter harmony she tun'd her mind:
For she was just, and good, without pretence;
Artless as childhood, meek as innocence.
Thus fit to die!——But *who* shall comfort give
To *his* deep anguish, who is doom'd to *live?*
GOD!—who in pity bade her suff'rings cease,
And to her gentle spirit whisper'd peace!

ON A LOVELY BOY,

AGED FIVE YEARS, WHO DIED AFTER SUFFERING THE AMPUTATION OF AN ARM.

DEAR Boy! thy suff'rings now are o'er,
And kindred Spirits wing their way,
To waft thee from earth's cloudy shore,
To the bright realms of endless day.

And sure, in yonder opening sky,
A min'st'ring cherub thou wilt be;
To wipe the tear from his sad eye,
Who rear'd thy helpless infancy.

For thou shalt, in the whisp'ring wind,
Sweet Consolation's balm impart;
To bid him bear the stroke, resign'd,
That tore thee from his aching heart!

To tell him with thy gentle voice,
That when his sand shall cease to run,
In thee *again* he shall rejoice;
Again embrace his Angel Son!

SONNET.*

TO LIEUT.-COLONEL LYON,

Of the Queen's German Legion,

Who nobly distinguished himself with the Regiment at the glorious Battle, May 21st, before Alexandria.

LYON! of virtuous mother, gallant son,†
In Erin's isle, who dost for war prepare
Thy conquering cohort, should the tyrant dare
To risk his laurels, at Marengo won:
Yet, ere the dreadful conflict is begun,
With pious awe attend her fervent pray'r,
Whose love has watch'd thee with unweary'd care,
And by thy fatal rashness were undone.
The brave are still discreet.—Hear thou the voice
Of temp'rate ardour, and her call obey;
So shall thy country, and thy friends rejoice!
Blind rage destroys, by his too furious stride
Himself, not others—'tis the hero's pride,
By temp'ring force with skill, to win the day.

* Written just before the breaking out of the present war with France.

† "LAWRENCE, of virtuous Father, virtuous Son."
MILTON.

TO MISS ****.

WRITTEN IN 1774.

WHEN ORPHEUS struck the lyre, his tuneful strains
Tam'd the fierce monsters of the Thracian plains;
The lions paw'd the ground, the tygers prane'd,
And bears, untaught by burning heaters, dane'd;
With uncouth steps they strangely frisk'd along,
Smit with the sacred magic of his song.

Yet ORPHEUS, tho' so well he *play'd his part*,
Must yield the palm to thy superior art;
His monsters dane'd; But how? Of sense bereft,
Who knows, if they could do right foot and left?
Their shaggy limbs perhaps could only shake,
Like May-day-milk-maids at a country wake.

At that great epoch, when, from polish'd France,
GALLINI drew the fashionable dance,

Y'clep'd *Cotillons*—none could shine, untaught;
With such perplexity each movement's fraught.
Now here, now there, the nimble dancers fly,
Like rapid meteors shooting 'cross the sky;
Now in mid course they stop, or slowly sail,
Like a proud ship that stems the adverse gale.
Unequal to the task, I vainly gaze,
Lost in the dark inextricable maze;
" *Nor see with how much art each winding* bends,
" *Nor where the regular confusion ends!*"*

Thus was I doom'd an useless Beau to sit,
And be the sport of many a female Wit;
Till, like my guardian angel, YOU appear'd,
Chas'd my despair, my drooping spirits cheer'd;
Shew'd me each devious turn, and bade me prove
How easily we learn, when taught by love!

So THESEUS, in the labyrinth of Crete,
Paus'd, when the maze perplex'd his wand'ring feet:
So to his aid kind ARIADNE flew,
And gave, to guide his steps, th' unerring clue.

* ADDISON.

SONNET.

[AFTER READING PETRARCH's.]

JOYLESS, to view the cheering light of morn;
Sleepless to watch the Moon along the sky,—
Is the wan image of a wretch forlorn;
And that forlorn, afflicted wretch am I!

Why does my bosom heave the sigh profound?
Why swell my eyes with tears, my heart with care?
Why do I long, beneath the silent ground,
In Death's cold arms, to bury my despair?

LAURA, 'tis love for thee! that ardent flame,
Which, of its triumph o'er my heart secure,
The conq'ring hand of Time has fail'd to tame,
And absence strengthen'd, when it hop'd to cure:

In vain thy looks my sighs and tears reprove;
Looks of reproof from thee are looks of love!

THE CORSICAN TYRANT.

A NATIONAL SONG.

[SET TO MUSIC BY MR. STEVENS.]

TO subdue the Armadas of France and of Spain,
NEPTUNE gave us his trident, as lords of the main;
Bade our cannon's dread thunder in loud peals to roll,
From the banks of the Thames, to the furthermost
Pole:
Then, enrol, my brave lads! to chastise them, prepare,
And the *Corsican Tyrant* may come, if he dare!

Tho' by slaughter and threats from the Elbe to the Po,
With his iron and gold, he has silenc'd each foe;
Both his gold and his iron he soon shall see broke
By the all-conquering force of our firm Hearts of Oak:
Then arouse, my brave lads! their destruction prepare,
And the *Corsican Tyrant* may come, if he dare!

Not content with the blood which in Europe he shed,
Still he hoped to advance where the Nile hides his head;
But *Aboukir* and *Acre* beheld his dismay!
When defeated, he fled, and his fleet was our prey.
Then let NELSON, and SYDNEY, new triumphs prepare,
And the *Corsican Tyrant* may come, if he dare!

Yet against us he vaunts his base myriads to bring,
Who obey an Usurper, who murder'd their King;
Impious wretches! in terror, who kiss the vile rod—
But WE fight for our LAWS, for our KING, and our GOD!
Let us all then, united, for battle prepare,
And the *Corsican Tyrant* may come, if he dare!

From their coasts, by the gales, should our navy be toss'd,
And, in spite of our Tars, should our channel be cross'd:
Frenchmen never our dear native land shall explore:
If not sunk in the sea, they shall die on the shore!

See! already we march, and to crush them prepare;
Let the *Corsican Tyrant* then come, if he dare!

Of our wives, and our daughters, protecting the charms:
And our country defending, our cry is "To Arms!"
To blasphemers and slaves, Britons never will yield,
For RELIGION's our bulwark, and FREEDOM our shield;
Our invincible banner then wave high in air—
And the *Corsican Tyrant* may come, if he dare!

As a comet descends, that has blazed from afar,
While he scatters around desolation and war;
So this merciless Despot, who makes the earth groan,
Let her wake from her trance, shall be hurl'd from his throne.
Wake then EARTH, at our call! rise, our glory to share;
And the *Corsican Tyrant* o'erwhelm with despair!

OUR GOD! AND OUR KING!

THE French three blessings boast, and say WE need 'em,
"*Fraternity! Equality!* and *Freedom!*"
But, in our happy islands ere they land them,
Let us at least be warn'd to understand them.

ENGLISH FRATERNITY we all approve,
It means a brotherly and Christian love:
In FRANCE, where brothers have their brothers slain,
It means—th' accurs'd Fraternity of CAIN;

EQUALITY comes next—their mode of speech—
To say, there should be neither Poor nor Rich;
Yet for *himself* see BONAPARTE carving,
While twenty millions of French poor are starving!

FREEDOM—a mighty WORD on Gallia's coast—
To level one Bastile rais'd up a host;
Now! thousand prisons new Bastiles supply,
And in their gloomy dungeons thousands die!

The *English* is—The famish'd French are eager,
T' exchange, for our roast-beef, their own soup-meagre;
And, if they 'scape our thunder on the waves,
To rob us of our all, and make us slaves!

But we are free, and know that *Freedom*'s cause
Can only thrive by our just *equal* laws;
This makes us all one firm *fraternal* band,
United as the rocks that guard our land!

And if to climb those rocks French slaves should dare,
Wild with the rage of plunder or despair;
They'll meet, while Death amidst them hurls his dart,
A stronger rampart in each Briton's heart!

Then let us all in one grand chorus sing,
"Glory to GOD!"—while we protect our King:
For though our arms defend his patriot throne,
Its safety rests with GOD, and GOD alone!

SONNET.—TO JULIA.

WHERE you green hills, with gentle bosom swelling,
Feed with sweet herbage EDWIN's fleecy care,
And branching oaks embow'r a rural dwelling,
Fann'd by the zephyr's soft Arcadian air:

And where yon rivulet, in mazes bending,
Through the sweet paradise serenely glides;
JULIA, whose beauty is of *Nature's blending,
JULIA, the fairest of her sex, resides.

One lustre yet her charms have not compleated,
Yet who shall paint her soft cœrulean eyes?
And when two lustres more shall have retreated,
Ye amorous swains, beware!—who sees her, dies!

While mingled with the breeze that whispers nigh,
Their love for JULIA breathes its latest sigh.

* "'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
"Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."
SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

TO ANNA.

WITH soothing verse the stubborn heart to tame,
The dawning ray of science to diffuse,
And sacred truths to crown with deathless fame,
GOD *first* created the POETIC MUSE.

PAINTING, her magic sister, *next* arose,
Blest from above with equal pow'rs to charm;
Whose thought sublime on the void canvass throws
The bold design, with heav'nly colours warm.

Last, MUSIC, kindled by th' Orphean lyre,
Through all the notes her thrilling descant ran:
Now tuned to virtue, now to soft desire,
Thus melting, and, by turns, exalting man.

Union how rare! when they in *one* combine:
Then, ANNA! thank thy GOD, who made it *thine!*

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE,

AUTHOR OF PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS.

JOANNA! if in pleasure's giddy round,
Thy sex pursue their course with madd'ning speed;
While frivolous fancies idle follies breed,
To cheat the eye with shew, the ear with sound:
THOU, on that light and superficial ground
Hast never trod; for, blind to fashion's glare,
And deaf to her allurements, thou layst bare
The mysteries of the heart with skill profound.
Then since thy proud career the Tragic Muse
With Nature's torch illumines, boldly soar,—
And should a *colder clime* thy *warmth* accuse,
Passion's wide reign undaunted still explore;
ENGLAND thy path to fame with *laurel* strews;
Although it withers on thy *native* shore.

VOTUM, OF COWPER.

O Matutini rores, auræque salubres,
O nemora, et læti ripis felicibus amnes,
Graminei colles, et amœnæ in vallibus umbræ,
Fata modo dederint quas olim in rure paterno
Delicias procul arte procul formidine novi;
Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper avebat,
Ante larem proprium placidam expectare quietem:
Tum demum exactis non infeliciter annis,
Sortiri tacitum lapidem aut sub cespite condi.

PARAPHRASE.

YE morning dews! that bathe the thirsty flow'rs;
Ye gentle gales! that cool the sultry hours;
Ye lawns and groves! where rivers glide along,
Or tune their murmurs to the sylvan song;

Ye verdant hills! that crown the open glade;—
Ye vales! that form the deep sequester'd shade;
If the kind fates (all worldly cares forgot)
Give me again to tread your blissful spot;
Within my native cottage, how serene
Could I await life's gently-closing scene!
Then while my thoughts, intent on Heav'n, engage
The tranquil moments of declining age;
In hope of mercy, die—and sleep unknown,
Beneath the humble turf, or silent stone!

SONNET.

TO LADY HESKETH.

O Blest† with gen'rous warmth!—whose fond regard
For COWPER's virtues, and immortal muse,
His beauteous *Wish** deigns kindly to peruse;
Though faintly utter'd by an humble bard,

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* The Paraphrase into English of COWPER's *Votum*, (see preceding page) presented by the Author to Lady H.

† "O blest with temper! whose unclouded ray."
POPE.

In *native* lays—listen! while he reveres
Thy worth, and heaves the sigh, that the dark gloom
Of cold seclusion did thy friend consume,
Ere he was stricken with the frost of years!
Had he been early sooth'd with thy sweet smile,
And cheering converse, thou the balm hadst pour'd
Of comfort on his sorrows, and restor'd
His mind to health and rapture!—To beguile
Man of his woes, GOD said, "Let Woman be:"
And COWPER now had liv'd, had MARY† been
like Thee!

---

† It is far from the Author's intention to lessen the high character of Mrs. UNWIN in the public esteem, whose piety, excellent understanding, and taste for Cowper's beautiful compositions, have been deservedly acknowledged. He only would imply, that the agreeable cheerfulness of Lady HESKETH's conversation and temper, and her delightful serenity of mind, were better calculated to relieve the spirits of this great and amiable, but often (from constitution) too melancholy poet! Indeed, COWPER expressly says of Lady HESKETH, that she was "his pride and *his joy*."

SONETTO,

DI ORAZIO PETROCCHI.

Io chiesi al tempo, ed a chi surse il grande
Ampio edifizio che qui al suol truesti?
Ei non rispondi; e piu veloci e presti
Fugitivo per l'aere i vanni spande.

Dissi alla fama, O tu, che all ammirande
Cose dai vita, e questi avanzi e questi?
China essa gli occhi, conturbati e mesti,
Qual chi doglioso, alti sospir tramande.

Io gia volgea, meravigliando 'l passo,
Ma su per l'alta mole altera in mostra
Visto girsen l'Obblio di sasso in sasso:
E' tu, gridai, forse il sapresti? ah mostra—
Ma in tuono m' interruppe orrido e basso,
Io di chi fù non curo, adesso e nostra.

SONNET

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ORAZIO PETROCCHI.

I Ask'd of Time, for whom these temples rose,
That, prostrate by his hand, in silence lie?
His lips disdain'd the myst'ry to disclose,
And borne on swifter wing, he hurry'd by.

These broken columns, whose? I ask'd of Fame;
(Her kindling breath gives life to works sublime!)
With downcast looks of mingled grief and shame,
She heav'd th' uncertain sigh, and follow'd Time.

Wrapt in amazement, o'er the mouldering pile
I saw Oblivion pass, with giant stride:
And while his visage wore Pride's scornful smile,
"Haply thou know'st; then, tell me whose,"
I cry'd—

"Whose the vast domes, that e'en in ruin shine?"—
'I reck not whose,' he said, 'they now are mine!'

SONNET.

Written in 1803, *on the Approach of Winter*,

AT THE COTTAGE OF J. H. ESQ. AT SNARES-BROOKE, IN EPPING-FOREST.

WHERE is thy foliage, Spring, of tender green?
Matur'd by Summer, where its deeper shade?
Alas! while Autumn saddens at the scene,
Stript by the gales, it strews the *Forest* glade!

Yet, ere November swell his hollow blast,
Such blended tints declining Nature cheer;
We scarcely sigh to see the verdure past,
But hail the glow that decks th' autumnal year.

Such is the state of Man from youth to age,
When no rude passions his calm mind deform:
And while he views, serenely, life's last stage,
Faith tempers with sweet hope its final storm.

To aid his flight, Religion lifts her wing,
And Earth's short winter yields to Heav'n's eternal Spring!

SONNET.

ON THE

OXFORD PRIZE POEM FOR 1803,

BY REG. HEBER, ESQ.

ENTITLED "PALESTINE."

REDEEMER of the World! ere time began,
Who, crown'd with GOD in glory, didst foresee,
That by divine, inscrutable decree,
Eternal wrath might punish fallen man:
And didst Thyself resign—(Oh, wond'rous plan
Of mercy, seal'd with thy most inn'cent blood!)—
To purify his race from sin's foul flood,
When down thy sacred head bless'd Jordan ran;
In Thee, through Thee baptiz'd, I catch the glow
Of adoration, whilst I lowly kneel;
And, oh, like HEBER's strains, that mine could flow!
Then should my muse thy inspiration feel;
And wing my pray'rs to Thee—whose spirit divine
Breath'd immortality on PALESTINE!

SONNET.

ON THE YEAR, 1803, HASTENING TO ITS CLOSE.

SWIFT as the eagle's wing, TIME's flight appears,
When soaring on the gale she cleaves the sky:
Thus, as we sink into the vale of years,
'Tis but a moment, to be born and die!

Could I recall those fleeting minutes past,
When Folly's devious paths I vainly trod;
I might not now a look of terror cast
On that dread hour, which calls my soul to GOD!

And has my SAVIOUR bow'd for me, in vain,
His hallow'd head, and render'd up the ghost?
Holy Repentance! thou inspire my strain:
Hear me, O righteous LORD! ere mercy's lost:

For thou despisest not the sighs that part,
In contrite anguish, from a broken heart!

SONNET.

TO AUTUMN.

THOUGH the dear objects of our sacred home,
And fond affection for a chosen few,
Rivet us *here*; and thy now-changeful hue
Remind us, AUTUMN, *of the hour to come,*

That tears us from them!—Yet thy mild repose
I woo, with fervent wish, that the sweet balm
Of pious Hope this trembling heart may calm,
Ere Death's cold wint'ry hands mine eye-lids close.

Haste then, and paint thy richest scenes—in gold
Dip deep thy pencil—bid thy colours rise,
Whose magic mocks the glow of summer skies;
And while the tints thy parting warmth unfold,

I pray that PEACE *on my last eve* may shine
With as serene and soft a gleam—*as thine!*

SONNET.

ON THE REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES's POEM, "THE SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY."

'TWAS from the Ark, that stemm'd the whelming wave,
When Desolation, by behest from high,
Pour'd down her wrathful deluge from the sky,
And sunk a guilty world! Man learn'd to brave,
Man, sprung from him‖ whom Mercy deign'd to save!
The storms of either Pole.—Hence Commerce sprung,
By BOWLES in proud Miltonic numbers sung;
Numbers, that while the surge our rocks shall lave,
Can never die!—For hark! thy fall, O Tyre,*
His rapt soul kindles: or in yon lone isle,
Where all in vain Earth, Air, and Ocean smile,
To Anna's† woes he tunes his soften'd lyre:

‖ NOAH. * See page 62. † Page 145.

And now he swells the high impassion'd strain,
To her‡ who, like the Ark, o'erawes the main!

FROM RACINE's ATHALIE.

CELUI qui mêt un freir à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des mêchans arrêter les complots:
Soumis, avec respect, à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains DIEU, chêr Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

TRANSLATION.

HE, at whose voice the furious floods retire,
Checks all their plots, when wicked men conspire:
His sacred will, submissive, I revere;
And, fearing GOD, can have no other fear!

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‡ See the sublime apostrophe to Great-Britain, p. 199.

[The beauties of Mr. BOWLES's Poem are infinitely varied; but the nature and brevity of the Sonnet did not admit of the Author's particularizing any others.]

ADVICE

TO MARY, AGED TWELVE YEARS.

IN THE SHAPE OF A BALLAD.

FROM the brow of yon hill what a prospect appears!
The landscape how warm with the tints of the sky!
Yet MARY, thy look more delightfully cheers,
As it darts down thy cheek, from the brow of thine eye.

But as clouds throw a gloom over Nature's gay scene,
And steal more than half of its beauties away;
Keep unruffled thy brow, and thine eye as serene
As the sun, when it gilds the soft morning of May.

Thus thy face and thy mind, thro' the zenith of life,
By good-nature illumin'd, all hearts shall engage;
And the while it protects from the tempest of strife,
Shall secure thee at last the calm sunset of age!

BALLAD.

AND must we then, ah! must we part?
Shall Av'rice tear me from thy heart?
That heart, for which I hourly pine,
I fondly thought would cling to mine!

How often has foreboding fear
Reveal'd my anguish in a tear!
How often, when I could not speak,
Thy love hath kissed it from my cheek!

Thy love!—Ah, no:—the perjur'd kiss,
Fond flatt'ring Hope's delusive bliss!
Like winter suns, did warmth instill,
That coldness might the surer kill!

But, WILLIAM, know!—when I am dead,
Though Wealth may crown thy nuptial bed;
Remorse THY bosom's guest shall be,
That could, for gold, abandon ME!

TO CHARLOTTE.

WITH A BLUE RIBBON.

FROM a blue ribbon, dropt in days of yore,
EDWARD's gay knights the emblem Garter wore;
And still our modern knights the bauble wear,
With proud delight, in honour of the fair.

An humbler EDWARD now to CHARLOTTE's view
Presents a ribbon of like azure hue;
To deck *her* form, not *his*, the gift he brings,
And thus his artless strain the poet sings:—

"Tho' CHARLOTTE's thoughts tyrannic Fashion
"scorn,
"And brighter ornaments her mind adorn;
"Yet when my fav'rite colour she displays,
"Let it receive the tribute of her praise;
"Not as a token of Life's feverish dream,
"But Friendship's flame, kindled by just Esteem.
"For while Love mourns his soon-exhausted fires,
"Friendship still glows, and but with life expires."

DESCRIPTIVE SONNET,
ON MOUNT-EDGECUMBE:
SEEN IN OCTOBER, 1804.

EDGECUMBE! since first I knew to prize the
charm,
That SIGHT to fond impassion'd, thought conveys;
And form the fervent *wish*, by lofty lays,
Within my heart to fix it, while yet warm,

To Grace or Beauty! I have view'd no clime,
Where rich VARIETY e'er fix'd her seat,
(Tho' far and wide have stray'd her restless feet)
With so fond choice, as on thy Mount sublime!

Behold! the Dock, that Albion lifts on high
Among the nations!—Lo! the swelling sails,
That waft her gallant seamen!—*Here* green vales:
There rocky clifts, and hills, that kiss the sky:

And thy TALL WOODS, whose blooming verdure
braves,
Though wet with Ocean's foam, his boundless waves!

SONNET.

ON THE DART.

NEAR COL. BASTARD's SEAT, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ASHBURTON, DEVON.

OF the proud Thames, and his commanding stream
Let others sing; his low and reedy shore
Delights not me:—her wealth, though Commerce pour,
On his full tide, in ships, whose white sails gleam
With radiant sunshine:—DART! be thou my theme,
When thy swoll'n torrent dashes from yon steep
Of native-granite, through glens, dark and deep,
And scares the slumb'ring shepherd.—Such Life's Dream:
For when fond foolish Man feels most secure,
He wakes to terror! yet amid these rocks,
Shagg'd with the wild woods, that o'erhang thy spray,
If to be found on earth, sweet PEACE is sure!
The bosom *here* is shelter'd from the shocks
That wound it in the world's broad open day!

SONNET.

ON THE RUINS OF

BERRY-POMEROY CASTLE,

NEAR TOTNESS.

FALL'N is thy feudal grandeur!—All is mute,
Where once the festive board's loud revelry,
Or minstrel harp, resounded—to the sky
Bare is thy lonely hall; and the shrill hoot
Of owls thy only music!—Yet the mind,
At pensive eve, that contemplation woos,
Or holds sweet converse with the sylvan muse,
Breathes, in thy solitude, a bliss refin'd,
Unknown to mirth!—Then I will hail these bowers
Of Nature, glowing with the sun's last ray,
That bids thy sullen battlements display
A transient smile, along their age-worn towers:
While, pond'ring o'er thy ruins, Pride shall see,
Though Lord of Palaces, *their* fate in *Thee!*

Monody,

BY THE AUTHOR,

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF HIS LATE SON HENRY.

He died, sincerely regretted by his Captain and Brother Officers, on the 18th of June, 1796, in the 18th Year of his Age, of the Yellow Fever, at Martinique, after having returned safe from the Attack of St. Lucie, where he served as a Volunteer.

"Heu, miserande Puer!"

HENRY! these mimic colours faintly strive,
To keep the memory of thy form alive;
That form! which, rip'ning into manly youth,
Required a GUIDO's grace, a TITIAN's truth;
And more than these—a RAPHAEL's soul refin'd,
To paint thy form-illuminating mind:
Yet in this little all I'm doom'd to see
The only wreck that now is left of thee!

For e'en the grave, that holds thy lov'd remai
Was dug by foreign hands in distant plains;
When, from the pois'ning gales, thy struggling breat
Drew prematurely pestilence and death.

So the tall Oak, though fostering Dryads bring
A crown of verdure, withers in the spring!
So Hope's bright promise, in whose smiles we trust,
Fair flow'ret of the morning, falls to dust!

Alas! in that severe, afflicting hour,
While Death's black clouds in endless darkness lour;
Thy native home could yield thee no relief,
No friend to smooth thy bed, or share thy grief!
Thy father was not there, thine eyes to close,
Though here he lingers to record thy woes;
And while his latest sand of life shall run,
Mourns—and must ever mourn—his angel son!

Oh! if the bless'd, from their celestial sphere,
With pity view their suff'ring kindred here,
Hover around me, HENRY! though unseen,
And aid me with thy fortitude serene;

For, calm in danger, thou didst nobly brave
Perils by land, and tempests on the wave;
And when we thought thee safe, to check our pride,
To shew what dust it is we doat on—died!
Thus at one stroke, from happiness are hurl'd,
Who grasp too fondly a deceitful world.

Where Asia pants for the reviving breeze,
And courts in wanton how'rs luxurious ease,
To thy dear brother active views impart,
And whisper prudence to his gen'rous heart:
Not that I wish his bounty should forego
The bliss divine, that comforts real woe;
No—though within these arms I often sigh,
To clasp him once again—I'd rather die!

Nor yet desert these nether realms of air,
But guard thy sisters with protecting care;
Teach them, like thee, no merit to assume,
From air, or shape, or beauty's mingled bloom;
And give them thy resistless charm to please,
With modest grace and unaffected ease:

On their yet tender minds let that be prest—
Their Mother's anxious charge performs the rest.

Then while they oft with fond affection trace,
Through the soft tear, this image of thy face;
And heave the sigh, that Death's untimely doom
Snatch'd thee from their embraces to the tomb;
Inspire them with the ardent wish to prove
Worthy thy care, and our parental love.

At length, when Heav'n ordains that friends must part,
And I am sever'd from thy Mother's heart;
When my last sigh the parting pang shall speak,
And the last tear still lingers on my cheek;
To thee thy Father's spirit *then* shall fly,
Where pious Hope pourtrays a happier sky.
For bliss, when fell Disease had struck the blow,
I found a fleeting dream, and wak'd to woe.
Then guide me, HENRY, to that peaceful shore,
Where, from the "vanquish'd grave Death wounds "no more!"

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO

MARY, THE AUTHOR's WIFE,

IN A STATE OF LANGUOR, AT BRIGHTON, IN THE YEAR 1800,

BY HER HUSBAND.

YE Airs! that cool e'en summer's noontide glow,
With fanning pinions dipt in ocean's spray,
Breathe on my MARY, while ye gently blow,
At night, sweet slumbers—spirits blythe, by day.

Ye Downs! for her, your even carpet spread,
Where sheep-bells tinkle, bid the wild thyme bloom;
Bid the pale cowslip hang its gentle head,
And scatter, as she walks, a soft perfume.

Thou Dyke!* yclep'd from him, whose rebel pride
Lost him that Heav'n above, man gives him here;
Slope, unobscur'd by mists, thy verdant side,
And lift thy brow abrupt from tempests clear.

That when the sky's blue vault is all serene,
And soaring larks resume their ev'ning song,
My MARY may descry—enchanting scene!—
The vale that winds thy swelling base along.

Sweet vale! where Nature seems to court repose,
Amid sequester'd glens, and shelter'd fields;
And groves of oak, which in proud Albion rose,
To be the safeguard of the wealth she yields.

Calm, tranquil vale! that while beyond the Rhine,
And near sad Genoa, earth is bath'd in gore;
Feels not the woes that make the wretched pine
For peace, which on their hamlets beams no more.

---

* The Devil's Dyke.

Now, led by Hope, near Ocean's surge we stray,
Where bright Hygeia bids her Naiad bring,
(As under ground she winds her modest way)
The healing tribute of her mineral spring.

There, while the slothful toss in feverish sleep,
Dead to the freshness of the roseate dawn,
Health wing'd with pleasure may my MARY reap
From the pure stream that laves Wick's* flowery lawn.

For without health, what pleasure can be ours?
The languid pulse, nor dance nor song can raise:—
How bless'd were I, to sing, amid these bowers,
My MARY's health restor'd, with fervent praise!

Then would these throbbings of my heart be still,
That MARY's drooping looks have oft renew'd;
And these sad tears, that now my eye-lids fill,
Be tears of joy! and flow from gratitude!

---

* The Chalybeate Spring, a mile westward of Brighton.

Returning bliss would *then* our cottage greet;
And our dear children with fond rapture see
Their mother's sweetest smiles, grown still more sweet,
When warm'd, Hygeia, into life, by thee!

Wake then my prayers; to highest Heav'n ascend!
Oh, waft them, angels, to the Throne above!
That GOD *her* life in mercy may extend,
Whose life to *me* is happiness and love!

TO MARY.

MARY! my love can never cease,
For 'tis not founded on caprice,
But still an even tenour keeps,
And is awake when passion sleeps.
And though at first Love's wayward wiles
Ensnar'd me with thy angel smiles;
Thy mind with lasting warmth supplies
His flame, that blazes else, and dies!

Epigrams.

THE COMPROMISE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS A——.

WHEN APOLLO rejected a Rhimer's petition,
That the Muse his poetical strains would inspire;
To console him, he gave you, his fav'rite, permission
To set them to music with fancy and fire;
Thus to heighten the praises so justly your due,
Even BATHOS seems beauty, when warbled by you.

On a Celebrated AUTHOR's WRITING *a* LETTER *to* H. L. *Esq; in which the latter could read nothing but a Request to* SUBSCRIBE *to a* CHARITY.

WILL's hand, the vilest of the scribbling tribe,
Writes nothing legible, except—Subscribe:
Subscribe!—had that indeed been written worse,
WILL's Hyeroglyphics would have sav'd HUGH's Purse.

On FEMALE DRESS, 1804.

PRAY does the sex itself adorn
By chance, or by design?
Who dress for Lapland in the morn,
At ev'ning for the Line.

Not so the flowers—when Phœbus warms,
They court his orient ray;
But never give their opening charms
To the declining day.

On a Report that the late Mr. GARRICK *was to be brought into* PARLIAMENT.

A seat to other men might honour give;
GARRICK is Nature's Representative!

On the DEATH *of an eminent* JEWELLER.

POOR WILL, who in jewels was never outvy'd,
And by precious stones liv'd—of a *carbuncle* died!

Qui cito dat, bis dat.

CRIES DICK to NED, "Attend to my advice;
"Give a thing *quickly*, and you give it *twice*."
'I've *felt* your proverb's force,' NED archly cries,
'It was your *quickness* gave me TWO *black eyes!*'

On an indifferent COPY *of* VERSES *addressed by a* LADY *to Mr.* GIBBON, *the Historian;*
[*Supposed to be written by him in Answer.*]

CEASE, Madam, cease to praise me thus,
In your poetic lay;
Yet you shall call me TACITUS,
If you'll be *tacita!*

EPITAPH *for an* OLD MAID, *who* DROPT TEN YEARS *of her* AGE.

A stiff-starch'd virgin, of unblemish'd fame,
And spotless virtue, BRIGDET COLE by name:
At length the death of all the righteous dies,
Aged just four and fifty—*here* SHE LIES.

To the EDITOR *of a certain* NEWSPAPER, *who mentioned* DEMERARA *as an* ISLAND.

P——, methinks, we well may wonder
At this strange geographic blunder;
Nor must you marvel, if we smile
When DEMERARA's called an *Isle!*
Yet, if your politics had thriven,
No matter what name you had given
To any place we held on earth!
For, though I say it now in mirth,
From North to South, from East to West,
Fierce Anarchy had rear'd her crest,
Each isle had been a pirate's nest,
And TERRA FIRMA all a jest!

The FABLE *of the* CRAB.

Example better than Precept.

MADAM Crab, like an Alderman's Lady grown fine,
Thus address'd her fat daughter: "To-day with us
"dine;
"Cousin Lobster, who mourns for the loss of his
"mother,
"And Cray-fish, in black too, his little half brother;

" I expect Periwinkle, and Cockle, and Muscle,
" And Oyster, who wags not, though all's in a bustle:
" Then, hold up your head, child, and turn out
" your toes,
" And don't waddle sideways before such smart
" beaux."

The pert, saucy daughter, this answer return'd:
' *By example much more than by precept is learn'd;*
' So if you would have me the graces display
' In my walking and dancing, first shew me the way:
' For, believe me, I'm not quite so silly an elf,
' As to mind what you say, while you waddle your-
' self.'

A supposed BACCHANALIAN DIALOGUE *between two great* STATESMEN *in the House of Commons, on the Opposition enquiring whether a Treaty with Austria had not been ratified.*

W. THERE's no such Treaty, Hal—the charge deny:
Stand to't!—*H.* I cannot stand.—*W.* Then, prythee, *lie!*

On a TRADESMAN *wanting to be* PAID TWICE.

SAM brings a second bill, but I object,
Proving the first was paid him in September.
" I'm griev'd," says SAM, " I did not *re*-collect ;"
' And I am happy, SAM, I did *remember!*'

On the PORTRAIT *of the* COUNTESS *of* J——Y, *representing an* ENCHANTRESS, *at the* EXHIBITION *at* SOMERSET-HOUSE.

J——Y! why wave in air thy wand around,
Or draw the magic circle on the ground?
More potent charms, more strong enchantments lie
Within the magic circle of thine eye:
And the rich nectar of thy lips shall prove
The surest philtre to rekindle love!

On a MERRY, *but* POOR WOMAN.

THOUGH MARGARET'S fortune was but bad;
While living, she was never sad:
But when death struck the fatal blow,
She was, alas! *a* PEG *too low!*

Written when the FEMALE FASHION *of* WEARING PADS *first came into vogue.*

IN the coy age of chaste Queen Bess,
The sex preserv'd decorum;
But, now, *eccentric* in their dress,
They carry all before 'em!

IMITATED *from the French of* MAYNARD.

YOU'RE in your dotage, LYCE; then beware,
Deceitful are the vows that DAMON offers;
He only courts the *silver* of your hair,
That he may wed the *gold* which lines your coffers.

Another from MAYNARD.

TOM suff'ring long from poverty's attack,
And scarce a rag to hang upon his back,
Cries, Fortune is no more a jilting flirt!
For TOM at length is master of a Shirt.

From the French.

HEEDLESS of what the meddling world might say,
As nature dictated, I liv'd my day;
And much I wonder'd at Death's partial whim,
To think of me who never thought of him!

From VOLTAIRE.

YE rascals of Ringers, ye terrible foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of repose!
How I wish, for the quiet and peace of the land,
That ye wore round your necks what ye pull with your hand.

Another, from VOLTAIRE.

WITH the English such barbarous fury prevails,
That their Kings lose their Heads, and the Horses their Tails.
But the French, whose urbanity Mildness enforces,
Spare the Heads of their Kings,* and the Tails of their Horses!

---

* VOLTAIRE did not expect that French urbanity would have degenerated into savage cruelty by the murder of their Sovereign, when he was stigmatizing that of our CHARLES.

On the EQUESTRIAN STATUE *of* LEWIS XV. *with the* FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES *at the* BASE.

From the French.

HOW ill the Pedestal and Statue suit!
On horseback Vice—the Virtues all on foot!

From the French.

"FORTUNE in vain exhausts her rage,"
Cries proudly a pretended sage;
"For I, disdaining loss of pelf,
"In my own Virtue wrap myself."
'Your Virtue!—'Tis exceeding bad,
'To go (says NED) *so thinly clad!*'

Another, from the French.

On a THOUSAND CROWNS *being offered for the best French* VERSES, *to be written on the great* CONDE'.

TO celebrate his glorious name,
And valorous deeds, of deathless fame,
A Thousand Crowns!—it cannot be
A Penny for a Victory.

INSCRIPTION *for a* COLLAR *to a* YARD-DOG.
Imitated from the Latin.

I bark at the thieves, to the lovers am mute;
So I please both my Lord, and my Lady to boot.

To CHLOE.

YOU bid me be free, and you say, we must part,
Since absence alone can regain me my heart.
Your advice, dearest CHLOE, how vain to pursue!
Who that ever knew Freedom, could ever know You?

SAYS TOM, who held great contracts from the nation,
"I made ten thousand pounds by Speculation:"
Cries CHARLES, 'by *Speculation!*—you deceive me,'
'Strike out the *S* indeed, and I'll believe thee.'

BAVIUS, 'tis said, a comedy has writ,
Possess'd of Novelty, replete with Wit;
If it have Wit, I then to *both* agree,
For Wit from BAVIUS must be Novelty!

Addressed to a FRIEND, *who had been accustomed to raise objections to the* AUTHOR'S VERSES; *and written at his Chambers on not finding him at home.*

TO the Critic of Critics a terrify'd Bard
Thus announces his visit, for want of a Card;
In the hope he will not take the freedom amiss,
That requests him for once not to criticise *this*.

" WHAT with heats that dissolve, and musquitoes
" that bite,
" When at Malta," cries FRANK, " I was restless
" each night."
' When in Afric,' says NED, ' where I pass'd many
' years,
' I preferr'd Malta's "*NIGHTS*" to the "*DAYS*"
of Algiers.'

On the late EMPRESS *of* RUSSIA *presenting a* SWORD *to* SIR CHARLES *(now* LORD) WHITWORTH.

WHEN CATHERINE gives a Sword, 'tis generous aid!
For she has always liked a handsome *Blade*.

On the REFUSAL *of a* WEALTHY *to relieve a* WORTHY PERSON *in Extreme Distress.*

AFRAID to leave appearance in the lurch,
Though not to pray, ALCANDER goes to church:
How can *he* pray, who never understood
"The glorious luxury of doing good?"

"In our snug close," says CHARLES, "the other day,
"I was with lovely SUSAN in the hay."
'Then,' answers NED, 'this inference I draw,
'Ere nine months lovely SUSAN's in *the straw.*'

On a PARAGRAPH *in the Newspaper, mentioning that* LORD M——, *and* GENERAL H——, *were embarked with* ADMIRAL LORD K——, *to reconnoitre the enemy's Flotillas.*

M——, to give his Naval Genius scope,
Boldly embarks with K——, sustained by *Hope.*
Since then our safety rests on Scotland's care,
Thrice-happy England, banish thou *Despair!*

On a late DECISION *in the Court of* KING's-BENCH, *respecting a* PRINTED SONG.

PIRATE one Sheet! no damages ensue;
It used to be *crim. con.* to pirate Two.
But *Law* so gently now the matter treats,
You may take any freedom with LOOSE SHEETS!

When SAM, who bought a grant, perused this line,
"In force for years nine hundred ninety-nine;"
'Destroy the Deed,' he cry'd, 'this shall not be:
'My bargain was—*a Perpetuity!*'

Written just before the breaking out of the present War.

SHOULD our Commerce and Peace with the French prove precarious,
As they've ARGUS's eyes, and the hands of BRIAREUS,
Gallant NELSON shall cut them out work on the deep,
And P——'s Poetry *lull them to sleep*

Addressed by the Author to J. H. *Esq; on sending him some of his Poetical Compositions.*

THESE strains an emblem of their bard display,—
Sunshine, and Rain—a sort of April day.
Yet take them, as a pledge from friendship due,
That *never varies*—in esteem for you!

On a certain GAZETTE, *containing many* NEW PEERAGES, *but not a single Bankruptcy.*

FOR Peerage, lo! Corruption runs a race,
And what was Dignity, is now Disgrace.
Lavish'd by ——, thus titled honour sets,
And Fame's, not Fortune's, Bankrupts swell gazettes.

On an HISTORIAN *complimenting the late* EMPEROR *of* RUSSIA, *at the Expence of his* FATHER.

Your Flattery an honest Truth you call;
But sure, " 'tis robbing *Peter*, to pay *Paul!*"

In Gala Dress at court, when DICK was seen,
We hail'd th'appropriate colour—*Bottle*-green.

EPITAPH, *for* ROBESPIERRE.

[*From the French.*]

READER, my fate 'twere folly to deplore;
For were *I* living, *thou* would'st be no more!

To conceal with a veil the sweet grace
That enlivens thy features, how stupid!
When did VENUS, so fam'd for her face,
Borrow, CHLOE, the fillet of CUPID?

WILD with reform, in country, and in town,
Lo, DECIUS cuts his tall Magnolias down!
If cool reflection come not to his aid,
He'll lose his *substance*, as he lost his *shade*.

THOU know'st that LUCAS elegantly dines,
And freely gives his guests his choicest wines;
Thou know'st he rhymes too, and with fulsome praise
Extollest to the skies his wretched lays.
BOB, thou'rt a cheat, yet flimsy thy proceeding—
The appetite thou hast is not for Reading.

On the DEFEAT *of the late* SIR GERARD VAN NECK, *in the contested* ELECTION *for* SUSSEX.

BY the close of the poll, tho' it strange must appear,
Sir GERARD has proved that the *Van* is the *Rear!*

WHEN PONTIUS attempted fair MYRA to kiss,
She refused his salute with disdain.
Pray, what is the reason she took it amiss?
If you look at his face—it is PLAIN!

CHLOE vows that she never gave DAMON a kiss;
Yet permits him to steal one, nor takes it amiss.
Thus in vain to her prud'ry she flies for relief,
And forgets "*the receiver's as bad as the thief*!"

Written in AMSTERDAM, *in the year* 1796, *when the* FRENCH *had overrun* HOLLAND.

HOW would this Land DEMOCRITUS divert,
Where all is *in the suds,* except the *shirt?**

---

* The Dutch are not famous for frequent change of linen.

To MISS ROSE L——.

SO fair a flow'r was never born!
Thou art a Rose without a thorn!
But he, whose heart thine may not share,
Will feel its sharp point fest'ring there!

NO jealous doubts within me rise,
That ev'ry swain for LAURA sighs;
But I should grieve the nymph to see
Sighing for any swain but me.

On MISS N——, *dressed for a* MASQUERADE.

A pair of wings, all bards confess,
Make up a part of CUPID's dress:
But till this night, I never knew
That VENUS had her pinions too:
Guess then my wonder to behold her
Grac'd with a wing on either shoulder;
And, while she mock'd Love's slower dart,
Flying away with ev'ry heart!

The BILL *of* FARE *of* FAVELL, *the Master of the* WHITE-HART INN, *at* GUILFORD, *faithfully done into Verse, with an Epigrammatic Conclusion.*

MOCK-Turtle, turbot, fowls, and pigeon-pye,
And ham, and lamb fore-quarter, met the eye;
Nor did thy ribs, roast-beef, their charms conceal,
Nor was lamb-pye forgot, nor breast of veal;
With salmon, fowls, da-capo *swell'd* the store,
And of mock-turtle last, a *warm* encore.
Nay more—for lo! of ducks two season'd pair,
And a green goose, no slight removes, were there:
While pyes and tarts of various fruit I ween,
With many a *sweet* et cætera, closed the scene.
Yet G——w, while his looks with hunger droop,
As if 'twere all a *mockery*, like the *soup*,
Swears, if the judge reject his meek petition,*
That he shall surely die of inanition.
Cornwall! for pity's sake espouse his cause,
And hail him representative for *Maws*!†

* The petition is said to have been, that the assizes on the ensuing circuit might be holden elsewhere, lest the learned Counsellor and his brethren should fall a sacrifice to starvation.

† St. Maws, a borough in Cornwall.

To DELIA, *who expressed a Wish to see an English Translation of the* PASTOR FIDO, *along with the Italian.*

LOW at your feet the Pastor FIDO lies,
Blest in attracting your discerning eyes;
Would you the ENGLISH *Pastor Fido* see,
Have not recourse to books, but send for *me*!

THOUGH Dullness o'er thy Muse her poppy throws,
I'd rather read thy verse, than hear thy prose.
Play BURLEIGH, it will hide thy want of wit;
A silent vote is eloquence with PITT!

ÆNIGMA.

WHEN I am forc'd to aid deceitful wiles,
They tell me I belong to crocodiles!
But when my DELIA's tender heart o'erflows,
I'm like a dew-drop on a new-blown rose:
Yet to affliction though I bring relief,
Joy claims me for his own, as well as grief.
Thus, when the rainbow cheers the ev'ning hour,
The lucid clouds distill a softer show'r!

ÆNIGMA.

NAME me a thing of unsubstantial size,
That's greatest at its birth, and when it dies;
Rises with day's fair light, declines as soon;
Is least, and almost vanishes, at noon;
In scorching heats, whose cooling aid we bless,
Short, fleeting type of human happiness!
For still, like earthly joys, it mocks our view,
And flies with fading form, as we pursue!

On the THREAT *of* INVASION.

CRIES Tom, who saw some boats from Dover,
'The French, I'm sure, are *crossing over*.'
"They may," cries Ned, "the dance *begin*,
"But they shall never *figure in*."

To a FRIEND, *enjoying and deserving Prosperity.*

TO Merit, when the world has prov'd unkind,
How apt are we to say, that Fortune's blind!
Yet let us not withhold the truth that's due—
She saw distinctly, when she favour'd *you!*

Addressed to CAMBON, *on his Financial Administration, at the Height of the Revolution.*

[*From the French.*]

WHATEVER MIDAS touch'd, he turn'd to gold;
Oh, that the same of CAMBON could be told!
But no such hope exhausted Gallia cheers;
CAMBON, alas! has only MIDAS' *Ears!*

From the French.

TO the Waves, while she gaz'd on their full-flowing tide,
And the Wind, as around her its soft breezes sigh'd;
CHLOE vow'd she would ever be true:
But she scarcely had sworn, when the waves, and the wind,
Inconstant and light, as the damsel's own mind,
Away with her promises flew!

On the TAX *on* WATCHES *and* CLOCKS, *written previous to its Repeal.*

OF the Tax upon Watches poor RICHARD is sick;
Lest his turn should come next—for *he* goes upon *Tick!*

PARODY *of Part of* BONAPARTE's ANSWER *to the* ADDRESS *of the* SENATE, *when he accepted their offered Title of* EMPEROR.

IF, after my death, my descendants betray
The slightest reluctance to poison or slay,
To sack or burn cities, or desolate pains,
My spirit no longer shall breathe in their veins;
But doom them, midst curses, and insults, and scorn,
To rot on the dunghill on which they were born.

A BONAPARTE.*

HEROS! et Sage! et *Saint!* Le monde ne desire,
Que de voir couronner ton nom par le *Martyre!*

TRANSLATION.

Oh, that this Chief, for whom our rights we barter,
This Hero, Sage, and *Saint*, would die a *Martyr!*

---

* This Epigram (of which the original, as well as the translation, is by the Author of this work) is founded on an Address to BONAPARTE, on his election to the presidency of the Italian Republic, containing the following words:—

"You conquered Italy as a Hero! you gave it peace and laws as a Sage! and you are about to govern it as a SAINT!"

EPITAPH, *for the* EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

REVENGE and Rapine mark'd the steps he trod:
He poison'd—murder'd—and blasphem'd his GOD!

" Multi
" Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato:
" Ille Crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic Diadema!"

Juvenal.

IMITATED.

WHAT different fate the self-same crimes have found!
LO! DESPARD hang'd—and BONAPARTE crown'd!

Inscribed to the Dog Carlo, a principal in the Dramatis Personæ of the Caravan, performed at Drury-Lane Theatre.

NOW Attic wit's o'ercome by Gothic rage,
And Authors throw *cold water** on the stage:
While, honest CARLO! envying even you,
They make their very dramas *Doggerel* too.

---

* The reader is given to understand, he must take this in the literal as well as the figurative sense: for honest CARLO really jumps into the water, to save a child.

Addressed to BRANSBY, *formerly of Drury-Lane Theatre; a very large Man, and bad Comedian.*

WHEN we regard your well-adapted height,
You are, we own it, BRANSBY, *great* in Kite:
But claim not too much merit from your size---
Consider we have *ears*, as well as *eyes*.

Your wines the titles of your guests display:
To Earls you give Constantia—Dukes, Tokay.

I have the best French cooks, and choicest wines:
So RICHARD *says*—but *who* with RICHARD dines?

Written in Court, on hearing the Sentence of TRANSPORTATION *pronounced by the Judge against a* PRISONER, *for* BIGAMY.

THO' his first wife was living, *Da Capo*! he cry'd;
So he courted and wedded a second fond Bride.
As at best 'tis a passage—this short life of ours—
He determin'd "*to strew the way over with flow'rs:*"
But he never once thought he'd be sentenced to-day,
To gather *those flowers—in Botany-Bay!*

TO make the wrong appear the right,
And keep our rulers in;
In WALPOLE's time, 'twas Jacobite,
In PITT's, 'tis Jacobin!

THO' MYRA's cheek Love's native hue discloses,
I like her *two lips* better than her roses.

The dying a spinster, JANE nobly supported;
But she never forgave that she never was courted.

TOM, rich as Crœsus, yet averse to paying,
Wears out his creditors, by still delaying;
Admits no claim, till forc'd to make an end on't,
With costs of suits on both sides, as defendant:
TOM! since through life you will be a chicaner,
Give t' other TOM* *a general retainer.*

---

* The Honourable THOMAS ERSKINE.

To a learned COUNSEL, *on his smiling at the* ARRANGEMENT *of some of the Author's* BOOKS.

WHEN Wood* next Tillotson NICANOR saw,
He marvell'd much at *Gospel* next to *Law:*
As if 'twere difficult the proofs to quote,
That near each *poison* grows its *antidote.*

To Epigrams, no wonder, NED is partial;
There is a *gen'ral rage* for what is *Martial*!

---

* WOOD's Institutes.

IMITATIONS

FROM

PETRARCH.

LIBERTA', dolce e desiato bene!
Mal conosciuto a chi talor no'l perde.
Quanto gradito al buon mondo esser DEI?
Per te la vita vien fiorita e verde.
Per te stato gioiso mi maintiene;
Ch' ir mi fa somiglianti agli alti DEI.
Senza te, lungamente, non vorrei
Riechezza, Onor, e eio ch' uom piu desia:
Ma teco ogni tugurio acqueta l' alma.

SONNET I.

TO LIBERTY.

FREEDOM! dear object of my fond desires,
Though little coveted, when long possest;
With what a sacred joy thy flame inspires
His heart, whom Slavery's galling chains oppress:
Cheer'd by thy smiles, life decks her brow with flowers,
And nature's loveliest looks are still more fair;
Thus, unrestrain'd in leisure's classic bowers,
I seem to breathe a pure celestial air.
Bereft of thee! nor wealth nor fame I prize,
Nor gilded roofs, nor luxury refin'd:
With thee, each cottage is a paradise,
That soothes the sorrows which enthrall the mind.
Then, Freedom, hail! to thy blest arms I fly,
And in thy lov'd embrace, resolve to die!

SONETTO II.

IN VITA DI M. LAURA.

SOLO, e pensoso i piu deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti;
E gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti,
Ove vestigio human la rena stampi.
Altro schermo non trovo, che mi scampi
Dal manifesto accorger de le genti:
Perche ne gli atti d'allegrezza spenti
Di fuor si legge; com'io dentro avampi:
Si, ch'io mi credo homai, che monti, e piagge,
E fiumi, e selve sappian, di che tempre
Sia la mia vita; ch'é celata altrui.
Ma pur si aspre vie, ne si selvagge
Cercar non so; ch'amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco, & io con lui.

SONNET II.

DURING THE LIFE OF LAURA.

ALONE, and pensive through deserted vales,
Onward I roam, with wandering feet, and slow;
Where, in the trackless wilds, soft breathing gales
Soothe, while they pity my desponding woe.

To shun the curious world's enquiring eye,
Remote from human footsteps I retire;
That world! which in my looks would soon descry,
I waste within from slow-consuming fire.

Yet from the gaze of man while thus conceal'd,
These sighs my hopeless passion have reveal'd
To every hill and mountain, stream and grove;
And though I court the most sequester'd glade,
Or rush into the forest's thickest shade,
I cannot fly the swift pursuit of love!

SONETTO III.

IN VITA DE M. LAURA.

LIETI fiori, e felici, e ben nate herbe;
Che Madonna pensando premer suole
Piaggia, ch' ascolti sue dolci parole
E del bel piede alcun vestigio serbe;
Schietti arboscelli, e verdi frondi acerbe;
Amorosette, e pallide viole;
Ombrose selve, oue percote il sole,
Che vi fa co suoi raggi alte, e superbe;
O soave contrada; o puro fiume,
Che bagni'l suo bel viso, e gli occhi chiari,
E prendi qualita dal vivo lume;
Quanto v' invidio gli atti honesti, e cari;
Non fia in voi scoglio homai, che per costume
D'arder con la mia fiamma non impari.

SONNET III.

DURING THE LIFE OF LAURA.

YE happy flow'rets! press'd by LAURA's feet,
While lost in thought, she treads the verdant plain;
Ye hills! that listen to her accents sweet,
And of her graceful steps the print retain:
Ye shrubs! whose playful leaves light airs caress;
Ye love-sick violets! breathing soft perfumes;
Ye close embowering woods! whose dark recess
The cheering sun-shine of her smile illumes.
O lovely spot! and O transparent stream!
That, while she bathes, with brighter radiance gleam,
Partaking of her pure and living light:
O how I envy you her modest charms!
Whose beauty such divine effulgence warms,
That ev'n your rocks have kindled at the sight!

SONETTO IV.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

CHE fai? che pensi? che pur dietro guardi
Nel tempo, che tornar non puote homai
Anima s'consolata? che pur vai
Giugnendo legne al foco, oue tu ardi?
Le soavi parole, e i dolci s'guardi;
Ch' adun' adun descritti, e depint' hai;
Son levati da terra: & é (ben sai)
Qui ricercar gli intempestivo, e tardi.
Deh non rinovellar quel, che n'ancide:
Non seguir piu pensier vago fallace;
Ma saldo, e certo, ch' a buon fin ne guide.
Cerchiamo'l ciel; se qui nulla ne piace;
Che mal per noi quella beltà si vide;
Se viva, e morta ne devea tor pace.

SONNET IV.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

AH! why art thou disconsolate, my soul?
Why on past joys, that never can return,
Still looking back? and on thy flames that burn
Throwing fresh fuel? The vain thought controul,
That lives upon the smiles thou didst adore:—
Their sun is set for ever! and the strains,
Whose gentle melody on SORGA's plains
Woke my enraptur'd lyre, are heard no more!
Alas! thou knowst it well;—why then renew
The pang that kills us? Raise thy thoughts on high,
That we may bid delusive fancies cease;
And, since our bliss with LAURA fled, pursue
Our course to heav'n—severe our destiny,
Living, and dead, if she destroy our peace!

SONETTO V.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

SE lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover soavemente a l' aura estiva.
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S'ode d'una fiorita, e fresca riva;
La'v'io seggia d'amor pensoso, e scriva;
Lei, che'l ciel ne mostró, terra nasconde,
Veggio, & odo, & intendo: ch' anchor viva
Di si lontano a sospir miei risponde.
Deh perche inanzi tempo ti consume?
Mi dice con pietate: à che pur versi
De gli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
Di me non pianger tu: ch'e miei di fersi
Morendo eterni; e nel eterno lume,
Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi.

SONNET V.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

WHERE woods, in concert with their plaintive quire,
Move gently to the summer's rustling breeze;
And murmuring streams mid flow'ry banks conspire
To soothe despairing love with transient ease;
Pensive I sit,—and there her voice I hear,
Whom Heav'n just shew'd, then hurry'd to the skies;
And there I see her, while my doom severe
Lamenting, thus she answers to my sighs:
"Ah! why consume thyself before thy time?
"Why shed for me the unavailing tear?
"My joys are pure, immortal, and sublime:
"Then mourn no more my sad, untimely bier;
"For when these eyes in death had clos'd their sight,
"Heav'n open'd them to ever-living light."

SONETTO VI.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

QUANTE fiate al mio dolce ricetto,
Fuggendo altrui, e s'esser puo, me stesso,
Vo con gli occhi bagnando l'herba e'l petto,
Rompendo co i sospir l' aere dapresso.
Quante fiate sol pien di sospetto
Per luoghi ombrosi, e foschi mi son messo
Cercando col pensier l'alto diletto;
Che morte ha tolto; ond'io la chiamo spesso.
Hor in forma di Nimpha, o d' altra Diva,
Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
E pongasi a seder in su la riva;
Hor l'ho veduto su per l'herba fresca
Calcar i fior, com'una donna viva,
Mostrando in vista, che di me le'ncresca.

SONNET VI.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

FAR from the world, and from myself, to fly,
(If that were possible!) how oft I roam,
O'erwhelm'd with tears, near LAURA's earthly home,
And to the lonely gale responsive sigh!
How oft, since death has torn her lovely frame
From these fond eyes, have I in *thought* pursu'd
Her steps, and piere'd this sylvan solitude,
To gaze upon her, and invoke her name!
Now Nymph, or Goddess-like, she rears her head,
(So fancy dreams) from SORGA's chrystal bed,
And sits upon the bank:—And now I see,
As in the bloom of life, her gentle mien,
While slowly-moving o'er the margent green,
She turns, and *looks—as if she pity'd me!*

SONETTO VII.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

ALMA felice; che sovente torni
A consolar le mie notti dolenti
Con gli occhi tuoi, che morte non ha spenti;
Ma soura'l mortal modo fatti adorni;
Quanto gradisco, ch'e miei tristi giorni
A rallegrar di tua vista consenti:
Cosi incomincio a ritrovar presenti
Le tue bellezze a suoi usati soggiorni.
La', ve cantando andai di te molt' anni,
Hor, come vedi, vo di te piangendo;
Di te piangendo no, ma d'e miei danni.
Sol un riposo trovo in molti affanni;
Che, quando torni, ti conosco, e'ntendo
A l' andar, a la voce, al volto, a panni.

SONNET VII.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

BLEST Spirit! who, in pity to my woes,
Beam'st on the darkness of the mournful night;
While those angelic eyes, death could not close;
Console me with their pure ethereal light.

Oh! how I joy, that, when night's shadows fly,
Your presence soothes me many a pensive hour;
In each known haunt, as I again descry
Those charms, that still command resistless pow'r.

Lov'd haunts! where erst my lyre, now wet with tears,
Sung your bright form, the grave will ne'er restore.
Yet not your loss, mine *only* I deplore!
And your return *alone* my anguish cheers:

Then oh! return—and I'll again adore
Your walk—your voice—your mien—the robes you wore!

SONETTO VIII.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

DISCOLORATO hai morte il piu bel volto,
Che mai si vide, e i piu be gliocchi spenti;
Spirto piu accesso di virtuti ardenti
Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo hai sciolto.
In un momento ogni mio ben m'hai tolto:
Posto hai silentio à piu soavi accenti,
Che mai s'udiro; e me pien di lamenti:
Quant'io veggio, m'è noia; e quant'io ascolto.
Ben torna à consolar tanto dolore
Madonna, one pietà la riconduce;
Ne trovo in questa vita altro soccorso:
E se com'ella parla, e come luce,
Ridir potessi; accenderei d' amore
Non dico d'huom; un cor di tigre, o d'orso.

SONNET VIII.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

THAT face, which every matchless charm combin'd;
Those eyes, that sparkl'd with the brightest flame,
Death has eclips'd—and from the loveliest frame
Sever'd the purest, most exalted mind.

Thus in a moment has he taken all,
And in dread silence clos'd an angel's strain;
While sight, and hearing only can recall
Mem'ry's past bliss, to heighten present pain.

But lo! where LAURA, by kind pity borne,
Returns, my struggling sorrows to console;
Revives fond Hope, that from my breast was torn;
And with her presence purifies my soul:

And sure her speech and looks are so divine,
That savage hearts would melt, as well as mine.

SONETTO IX.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

QUAND 'io veggio dal ciel scender l' aurora
Con la fronte di rose, e co crin d'oro;
Amor m' assale: ond'io mi discoloro;
E dico sospirando, ivi è LAURA hora.
O felice Titon tu sai ben l'hora
Di ricourare il tuo caro thesoro:
Ma io che debbo far del dolce alloro;
Che se'l vo riveder, conven ch'io mora?
I vostri dipartir non son si duri:
Ch'al men di notte suol tornar colei;
Che non hà schiso le tue bianche chiome:
Le mie notti fa triste, e i giorni oscuri
Quella; che n'ha portato i pensier miei;
Ne di se m'ha lasciato altro, che'l nome.

SONNET IX.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

WHEN the bright morning from high heav'n descends,
With roseate forehead, and with locks of gold;
While love my cheek with soft suffusion blends,
LAURA—I cry—my LAURA there behold!

Happy TITHONUS!—thou canst hail the hour,
That calls thy goddess to thy longing arms;
But I must yield to Death's destructive pow'r,
Ere I behold my LAURA's brighter charms.

Tho' absence wound thee, yet how short the date!
Aurora flies, when night resumes her care,
To crown with fond embrace thy silver hair.—
But night and day I mourn my adverse fate:

For since the grave conceals her lovely frame,
My only comfort is my LAURA's name!

SONETTO X.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

GLI Occhi; di ch' io parlai si caldamente;
E le braccia, e le mani, e i piedi, el viso;
Che m' havean si da me stesso diviso,
E fatto singular da l' altra gente;
Le crespe chiome d'or puro lucente,
E'l lampeggiar de l' angelico riso;
Che solean far in terra un paradiso;
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente:
Et io pur vivo: onde mi doglio, e sdegno;
Rimaso senza'l lume, ch' amai tanto,
In gran fortuna, e'n disarmato legno.
Hor sia qui fine al mio amoroso canto:
Secca è la vena de l'usato ingegno;
E la cethera mia rivolta in pianto.

SONNET X.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

THOSE eyes, the theme of my enamour'd lay,
With that enchanting form, and matchless air,
Whose beauty tore me from myself away,
And wean'd me from the world's low-thoughted care;
Those waving tresses of pure lucid gold,
And e'en the lightning of that angel smile,
Which made this earth a paradise the while,
Are nought but dust—insensible and cold.
And yet I live!—Hence, while I cling forlorn,
By this frail bark, all dark, and tempest-torn,
I mourn the loss of her protecting light.
But be ye mute, ye strains of fond desire!
Grief hath extinguish'd all the muse's fire,
And the warm ray of genius quench'd in night.

SONETTO XII.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

S'IO havessi pensato, che si care
Fossin le voci d'e sospir miei in rima;
Fatte l'haurei dal sospirar mio prima
In numero piu spesse, in stil piu rare.
Morta colei; che mi facea parlare,
E che si stava d'e pensier mie'in cima;
Non posso, e non ho piu si dolce lima,
Rime aspre, e fosche far soavi, e chiare:
E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp'era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo; non d'acquiſtar fama.
Pianger cercai; non gia del pianto honore.
Hor vorrei ben piacer: ma quella altera
Tacito staneo dopo se mi chiama.

SONNET XI.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

COU'D I have known, the sighs I breath'd in rhyme,
Would e'er have prov'd to mute attention dear,
How often had I fix'd th' enraptur'd ear
With loftier voice, and numbers more sublime!
Now she is gone, who did my verse inspire,
Who was the source of ev'ry tender thought;
How can my voice its wonted skill be taught?
How shall this hand awake the slumb'ring lyre?
The Muse I never woo'd *in quest of fame*;—
I fondly hop'd my sad desponding heart,
By list'ning to her song, might soothe its pain,
And sought *relief* from weeping, not a *name*:
But she, who could the pow'r to please impart,
Now calls me to her, and forbids my strain!

SONETTO XI.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

I HO pien di sospir quest' aere tutto
D' aspri colli mirando il dolce piano;
Oue nacque colei; c'havendo in mano
Mio cor, in sul fiorire, e'n sul far frutto
E' gita al cielo; & hammi à tal condutto
Col subito partir; che di lontano
Gli occhi miei stanchi lei cercando in vano
Presso di se non lassan loco asciutto.
Non è sterpo, ne sasso in questi monti;
Non ramo, o fronda verde in queste piagge;
Non fior in queste valli, o foglia d'herba;
Stilla d' acqua non vien di queste fonti;
Ne fiere han questi boschi si selvagge;
Che non sappian, quant'è mia pena acerba.

SONNET XII.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

HOW have I fill'd with sighs the ambient air!
While from this height I view the native bower
Of her, who, blooming like a lovely flower,
Died in her prime, and plung'd me in despair.

O'er the wide vale I cast these eyes around,
These eyes grown dim with seeking her in vain;
Then moisten with my tears the silent ground,
And of her loss with endless grief complain:

For not a tree, that here extends its shade;
Nor humble shrub, that throws its boughs between;
Nor mead, with plants, and herbs, and flow'rs, array'd;
Nor brook, that waters the sequester'd scene;

Nor the wild deer, whom these dark dells conceal;
But bears sad witness to the pangs I feel!

SONETTO XIII.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

SOLEASI nel mio cor star bella e viva,
Com'alta donna in loco humile, e basso:
Hor son fatt'io per l'ultimo suo passo
Non pur mortal, ma morto; & ella e diva.
L'alma d'ogni suo ben spogliata, e priva,
Amor de la sua luce ignudo, e casso
Devrian de la pietà romper un sasso:
Ma non é; chi lor duol riconti, o scriva:
Che piangon dentro; ou'ogni orecchia é sorda;
Senon la mia; cui tanta doglia ingombra;
Ch'altro, che sospirar, nulla m'avanza.
Veramente siam noi polvere & ombra:
Veramente la voglia cieca e'ngorda;
Veramente fallace é la speranza.

SONNET XIII.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

MISTRESS of this poor, humble heart of mine,
Like lofty Dame, she rul'd with boundless pow'r:
When doom'd to mourn her last-expiring hour,
From mortal—I was dead, and she—divine!

Hence was my soul of all her bliss bereft,
Love's torch extinguish'd, and his arrows broke!
(And sure e'en rocks would pity the fell stroke!)
But to record *their* sorrows, who is left?

Those inward sorrows, that, alas! are heard
By none but me! and I can only sigh,
And of my bosom's anguish pray to die!
For what is Man, but dust? Hope, but a *word*,

That, as life's shadow passes, mocks us still;
And shews, too late, how blind our wayward will!

SONETTO XIV.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

VALLE, che d'e lamenti miei se piena;
Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci;
Fere silvestre; vaghi augelli; e pesci,
Che l'una, e l'altra verde riva affrena;
Aria d'e miei sospir calda, e serena;
Dolce sentier, che si amaro riesci;
Colle, che mi piacesti, hor mi rincresci,
Ou'anchor per usanza amor mi mena;
Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,
Non lasso in me; che da si lieta vita
Son fatto albergo d'infinita doglia.
Quinci vedea'l mio bene; e per quest'orme
Torno a veder, ond'al ciel nuda é gita
Lasciando in terra la sua bella spoglia.

SONNET XIV.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

THOU vale! whose echoes answer to my woes;
Thou river! whose clear stream my sorrows swell;
Ye birds! who sing; ye beasts! who here repose;
Ye finny tribes! between these banks that dwell;

Fann'd by my sighs, ye balmy gales serene!
Thou path! so smiling once, but now forlorn;
Thou cheerful hill! of anguish now the scene,
Where I on Love's accustom'd wings am borne:

Ye are the same—your gales, as soft an air;
Fragrance, and strains as sweet, each grove supplies:
But I am chang'd—and haunted by despair!
Yet still I view the spot with ling'ring eyes,

Whence LAURA reach'd the mansions of the just,
Leaving her beauteous form to mix with dust!

SONETTO XV.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

LEVOMMI il mio pensier in parte; ov'era
Quella, ch'io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra:
Ivi fra lor; che'l terzo cerchio serra;
La rividi piu bella, e meno altera:
Per man mi prese, e disse; in questa spera
Sarai anchor meco, se'l desir non erra:
Iso colei; che ti die tanta guerra,
E compie mia giornata inanzi sera:
Mio bennon cape in intelletto humano:
Te solo aspetto; e quel, che tanto amasti,
E la giuso è rimaso, il mio bel velo.
Deh perche tacque, & allargò la mano?
Ch'al suon d'e detti si pietosi, e casti
Poco mancò, ch'io non rimasi in cielo.

SONNET XV.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

HER, whom I seek, but find not, here below,
In thought pursuing to the realms above,
I there behold, with brighter beauty glow,
And soften into smiles of heav'nly love.

Taking my hand, she cry'd, " in this blest sphere,
" If rescu'd from the wand'rings of desire,
" Thou, who for me hast felt such pangs severe,
" To live with me for ever, may'st aspire!

" 'Tis not in mortals to conceive my joys!
" O long-expected! join our sainted band—
" The charms, thy love ador'd, the grave destroys."
She ceas'd. Ah! why? and why withdraw her hand?

For sure such sweetness to her voice was giv'n,
'Twas misery to be torn from her, and Heav'n.

SONETTO XVI.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

ZEPHIRO torna; e'l bel tempo rimena,
Ei fiori, e l'herbe, sua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne; e pianger Philomena;
E primavera candida, e vermiglia:
Ridono i prati; e'l ciel si rasserena:
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia:
L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra è d'amor piena:
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi
Sospiri; che del cor profondo tragge
Quella, ch'al ciel se ne porto le chiavi:
E cantar augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E'n belle donne honeste atti soavi
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre, e selvagge.

SONNET XVI.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

RETURNING Zephyr the soft season brings,
With his sweet family of herbs and flowers;
The swallow twitters, Philomela sings,
And Spring's vermilion-blush adorns the bowers.

The meadows smile—serene the balmy air—
And Venus* sheds her softness o'er the sky:
While heav'n, and earth, and water, all declare
Love's mighty pow'r, and with his pow'r comply.

But I, in this tumultuous scene of joys,
Can welcome no return, save tears and sighs;
Which she, whose fatal loss my peace destroys,
Draws from my struggling heart, and grief-swoln eyes.

Thus Spring's gay charms, that bliss and life impart,
Like Winter's icy touch, benumb my heart.

* The planet.

SONETTO XVII.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

QUEL rossignivol; chesi soave piagne
Forse suoi figli, o sua cara consorte;
Di dolcezza empie il cielo, e le campagne
Con tante note si pietose, e scorte;
E tutta notte par, che m'accompagne,
E mi ramente la mia dura sorte:
Ch' altri che me non ho, di cui mi lagne:
Che'n Dee non credev'io regnasse morte.
O che lieve é ingannar, chi s'asseeura:
Que duo bei lumi assai piu che'l sol chiari
Chi pensò mai veder far terra oscura?
Hor conosch'io, che mia fera ventura
Vuol, che vivendo & la grimando impari;
Come nulla qua giu diletta, e dura.

SONNET XVII.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

WHAT plaintive melody from yonder spray
The thrilling woes of Philomel impart!
E'en Silence woos her soft enchanting lay,
And deep its cadence sinks into my heart!

Like me, she mourns the absence of her mate,
And all night long reminds me of my pain;
Yet I can only of myself complain,
Who thought, angelic charms could conquer fate!

Delusive thought! those eyes, whose heav'nly ray
In the dark grave extinguish'd, I deplore,
I fondly dream'd, like the bright Orb of Day,
Would still have ris'n—not set, to rise no more!

Alas! these pangs, that now my bosom press,
Teach me, how brief is earthly happiness!

SONETTO XVIII.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

NE per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle;
Ne per tranquillo mar legni spalmati;
Ne per campagne cavalieri armati;
Ne per bei boschi allegre fere, e snelle;
Ne d'aspettato ben fresche novelle;
Ne dir d'amore in stili alti & ornati;
Ne tra chiare fontane, & verdi prati
Dolce cantare honeste donne, e belle;
Ne altro sara mai, ch'al cor m'aggiunga;
Si secco il seppe quella sepellire,
Che sola à gli occhi miei fu lume, e speglio.
Noia m'è'l viver si gravosa, e lunga;
Ch'i chiamo'l fine per lo gran desire
Di riveder, cui non veder fu'l meglio.

SONNET XVIII.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

NOT the bright meteors shooting through the air,
Nor the gay ship that cuts the tranquil main;
Nor knights in armour clad to guard the fair;
Nor hunted boar in shady covert slain;

Nor promis'd joy, when expectation's high;
Nor themes of love that wake the poet's fire;
Nor meads, nor streams, that glide meand'ring by;
Nor high-born dames, whose voice provokes the lyre;—

Can move my bosom with their vain delight:—
Alas! that bosom was to pleasure dead,
When LAURA from her earthly prison fled;
Whose radiant eyes to me were life and light:

Which, ne'er to see again—once having seen—
How better were it, never to have been!

SONETTO XIX.

IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

DA piu be gli occhi, e dal piu chiaro viso,
Che mai splendesse; e da piu bei capelli,
Che faccan l'oro, e'l sol parer men belli;
Dal piu dolce parlar, e dolce riso;
Da le man, da le braccia, che conquiso
Senza moversi haurian quai piu rebelli
Fur d'amor mai; da piu bei piedi snelli,
Da la persona fatta in paradiso
Prendean vita i miei spirti; hor n'ha diletto
Il re celeste, e i suo' alati corrieri;
Et io son qui rimaso ignudo, e cieco.
Sol un consorto a le mie pene aspetto;
Ch'ella, che vede tutti i miei pensieri,
M'impetre gratia, ch'i possa esser seco.

SONNET XIX.

AFTER LAURA's DEATH.

THOSE eyes! that shed their lustre o'er thy face,
Which glow'd with tresses like the golden morn,
And gave thy sweet discourse and smile a grace,
Whose fame shall ravish ages yet unborn.

Those hands! those arms! whose polish'd ivory prov'd
Resistless to the most rebellious heart;
Those beauteous feet! that elegantly mov'd;
That form! surpassing sculpture's choicest art;—

It was this work of Heav'n, from whence my soul
Drew life and joy; and thither are they flown—
Naked and blind, whilst here I pine alone.
O thou, who, knowing, dost my thoughts controul,

With ardent prayers prevail on Mercy's Shrine,
That I may soar to thee, and bliss divine!

IMITATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

TO THE MUSE.

HE, on whose birth the Muse has smil'd,
And mark'd him for her fav'rite child;
Will never shine in battles fought on
Thy bruising-stage, triumphant BROUGHTON!
Nor his supreme ambition fix,
On driving his own coach and six;*
(For authors' rent-rolls are so small,
They've seldom any coach at all!)
Nor his snug hunting-villa grace
With the proud tropnies of the chace;
For which, to MEYNELL though a joke,
GOD knows how many necks were broke!

AD MELPOMENEM.

ODE III. LIB. 4.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
Nat centem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clar bit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico

---

* The late Earl of SALISBURY.

Nor yet rewarded with a star,
For glorious deeds atchiev'd in war;
With pomp, ill-suited to a shrine,*
That's built for ministry divine,
His tatter'd banners will display,
And make the LORD's a lord-may'r's day.

But the sweet umbrage of the groves,
Where winding Cam so gently roves,
With sacred streams, that oft have flow'd
Through many a tuneful lyric ode,
To immortalize the poet's lays,
Shall crown his honour'd brow with bays:

Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quód regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,

---

* The late Sir WILLIAM DRAPER, who having been educated at Eton, and King's-College, Cambridge, hung up in the chapel of the latter the standard taken by him at Manilla.

For which of Peers at least a score
Now rhyme, who scarce could spell before;
Since MILLER'S† sprig of myrtle deigns
To grace Right Honourable strains.

In this great town, the seat of learning,
Where authors swarm at every turning,
'Tis not for bard like me to quarrel
With loftier poets for the laurel.
But if my Pegasus were able,
By training in th' Etonian* stable,
To save his distance, and his blood
Disgrace not the Castalian stud;
Enraptur'd with my steed's success,
I'll scorn the black-legs of the press;

Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros:

---

† At her villa, at Bath-Easton, the late Lady MILLER presented the myrtle with her own hand to the author of the best poetical composition, on stated days.

* It was a current idea among the boys, that the lower school at Eton had been originally a stable.

Though KENRICK should his spleen pursue,
And lash him in the next Review.

Hail, heav'nly Muse! who dost inspire
The warbling of the golden lyre,
(Though many a bard, whose hunger's real,
Must think the *gold* is all ideal)
Who couldst,—tho' strange would be the fancy—
Make even BAVIUS write like ANSTEY;
And MÆVIUS in his Odes display
The genius and the fire of GRAY;
Lest I like AYSCOUGH* e'er should sink
"*In the black sea of Critic's ink,*"

Et jam dente minùs mordeor invido.
O, testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum!

---

* The late Capt. AYSCOUGH, the author of "*Semiramis,*" in his Prologue to that Play, wrote the line quoted above. If any thing could have saved the Tragedy from oblivion, it would have been Mr. SHERIDAN's most elegant and beautiful Epilogue.

I soar not on the Drama's wing,
But take short flights, and humbly sing.
And if my careless strains inherit
Some portion of the Roman spirit;
If JOHNSON says, when they appear,
"This is no Dunciad Garretteer!"
And WHITE, approving the design,
Should give me wherewithal to dine!
To thee that thus I write with ease,
I all the honour give;
To thee! who let'st me live to please,
And please that I may live!†

Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
Quòd spiro, et placeo (si placeo) tuum est.

---

† "For they who live to please, must please to live."

TO

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DICK* says,—but 'tis a strange report,—
" You mean to dine with me to-morrow,
" Have you forgot my wine is Port?
" RIGLY remembers it with sorrow.

" Your wit, indeed, will give it zest,
" And I will strive to suit your palate,
" With haunch of ven'son nicely drest;
" Your charming wife shall mix our sallad.

ODE XX. LIB. I.

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plausus,

---

* RICHARD BERENGER, esq.

" My wine at least can boast its age,
" 'Twas bottled on that fatal day,
" When for our sins you left the stage,
" And HENDERSON your parts to play.

Then, GARRICK! such the loud applause,
That what before was rarely dreamt on,
THAMES, grieving at the mournful cause,
Wafted up his banks to HAMPTON.

And what is more than HORACE wrote,
Or his Mæcenas e'er could brag on;
'Twas answer'd in as loud a note,
And echo'd back by honest DRAGON!†

Care Mæcenas eques; ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

---

* It was reported that on the night Mr. GARRICK took leave of the town, his yard-dog at Hampton barked incessantly.

" But Port, remember, is the word;
" If squeamish grown you cannot bear it,
" Pray let your visit be deferr'd,
" Unless you turn it into Claret.

" This would a miracle appear,
" Yet could not sure be reckon'd stranger,
" Than your own *Lusignan*, and *Lear*,
" Changed into *Sir John Brute*, and *Ranger!*

Cæcubum, et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam. Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

BLUSH not, Sir JOHN, because you wed,
And raise your Cook-Maid to your bed,
For DOLLY is bewitching:
And in your parlour takes her place,
With the same easy natural grace,
As if it were your kitchen.

Of birth or lineage meaner far
Was the fam'd Consort of the Czar,
Who gave the Swede no quarter;
And BOLTON, in the wane of life,
Took from the stage his warbling wife,
And marry'd *Peachum's* daughter.

ODE IV. LIB. 2.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu: priùs insolentem
Serva Briseïs niveo colore
Movit Achillem:

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ:
Arsit Atrides medio in triumphio
Virgine raptâ!

When JOHN the hostler NANCY beat,
Who lay lamenting at his feet,
And in the tyrant's clutches;
Kind CHANDOS bade the fair one rise,
Then bore away his weeping prize,
And made the girl a Duchess.

Though at the Foundling DOLL was bred,
Her parents need not hide their head,
They were not mean nor undone:
Some peer, the listening Senate's pride,
Begat, perhaps, thy lovely bride,
Or some lord-mayor of London.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certè genus, et Penates
Mœret iniquos.

For she, so frugal and so chaste,
So excellent in raising paste,
And careful of her dear man,
Could ne'er be born in low St. Giles,
Nor fondly greet with filial smiles
A thief, or Irish chairman.

Yet though I praise her ruddy arms,
And ample forehead's *shining* charms,
I'm *forty*—be not jealous;
But tenderly caress thy dame,
Who raises still as great a flame,
As when she blew the bellows.

Cre'e non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam; neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ

Brachia et vultum, teretésque suras
Integer laudo. Fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum

TO LYCE.

WERE you to live beyond the Tweed,
To some proud Lord of ancient breed
In jarring wedlock join'd;
Still, LYCE, I'd besiege your gate,
And brave, although severe my fate,
The native northern wind.

Not that I want so far to roam,
We've ice and snow enough at home;
And, hark! it storms around:
The trees before your windows rock,
And, bursting open with the shock,
Your clattering doors rebound.

ODE X. LIB. 3.

EXTREMUM Tanaïm si biberes, Lyce,
Sævo nupta viro; me tamen asperas
Porrectum ante fores objicere incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus
Inter pulchra situm tecta remugiat
Ventis? Et positas ut glaciet nives
Puro numine Jupiter?

Then, prithee, be no more deny'd!
But lay these prudish airs aside,
And let us meet at dinner;
Virtue at beſt is but a feint,
And many a pious-looking saint
Is secretly a sinner.

To you I freely lose at cards,
I write, to please you, dull charades,
Since nonsense is in fashion;
And wear, with tender thoughts imprest,
Your fav'rite colour—"*Sigh suppresst*,"*
Sweet emblem of my passion.

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
Ne currente retro funis eat rotâ.
Non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

---

* Le Soupir Etouffé was a fashionable colour when this imitation was done.

If these avail not, can you bear,
Unmov'd, a husband's alter'd air
Who robs you of your due?
Ne'er sleeps at home when free from gout,
Unless his mistress turn him out,
And beat him black and blue!

Had love no joys, revenge were sweet;
I'm sick of freezing in the street,
And near your house parading:
Then kindly ease a lover's pain—
England is not so warm as *Spain*,
Nor fit for serenading.

O, quamvis neque te munera nec preces,
Nec tinctus violâ pallor amantium,
Nec vir Pieriâ pellice saucius
Curvat; supplicibus tuis

Parcas, nec rigidâ mollior æsculo,
Nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
Non hoc semper erit liminis, aut aquæ
Cœlestis patiens latus.

TO FLAVIA,

ON THE LOSS OF HER LAP-DOG, CALLED TEAZER.

THOUGH black'ning clouds in gath'ring rains
Descend, and deluge all the plains;
And vex th' Atlantic Ocean:
A calm succeeds—the sun appears,
Nature no more is bath'd in tears,
The deep scarce heaves with motion.

In May, on *Scandinavia's* coast,
The rivers flow, though chilling frost
In icy chains had bound 'em;

ODE IX.—LIB. 2.

NON semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros; aut mare Caspium
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque; nec Armeniis in oris,

Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes; aut Aquilonibus

And the tall oaks, on Spring's return,
No more their leafless branches mourn;
  But spread their foliage round 'em.

Yet FLAVIA, in eternal strains,
Of TEAZER's cruel fate complains,
  Grows thin and pale with fretting!
And still she weeps, and still she sighs,
Whether the sun begins to rise,
  Or hastens to his setting.

Not so her aunt; though she—poor soul!—
At eighty lost her dear PATROLE,*
  By a mad bull-dog bitten:

Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum; nec tibi vespero
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente solem.

At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex

---

* A yard-dog.

And though they're grown a little cross,
Her sisters have surviv'd the loss
Of PATCH, their favourite kitten.

Then, FLAVIA, touch not sorrow's string,
But hear the Muse the trophies sing,
Gain'd in the chace by CÆSAR;†
And, as "*each dog should have his day,*"
Let faithful SHOCK, or gentle TRAY,‡
Supply the place of TEAZER.

Annos; nec impubem parentes
Troïlon, aut Phrygiæ sorores

Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum; et potiùs nova
Cantemus Augusti tropæa
Cæsaris, et rigidum Niphaten;

---

† An old hound, that had been a great favourite with FLAVIA's father.

‡ FLAVIA, when grown an old maid, had as many dogs as formerly she had lovers; but the former were more successful in engaging her affections.

Puss, who to please can never fail,
Whether she frisks with twirling tail,
Or watches mice demurely;
And Scug* shall soothe thy pensive mind,
While, to a narrower chain confin'd,
He cracks his nuts securely.

Medúmque flumen gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vortices:
Intráque præscriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

---

* Flavia's squirrel, whose chain was shortened, as he had nearly been killed by a stone thrown in at the window by a mischievous school-boy.

ODE XXI. BOOK 3.

THOU well-fill'd pipe of generous Port,
To which the Muse now pays her court,
Of KENNET bought, when WILKES was may'r,
And faction fill'd the city chair;
That must be (if I'm rightly told)
At the next vintage eight years old:
Whether my friends thou wilt inspire
With JEKYLL's wit, and ERSKINE's fire,
Or make them, stagg'ring through the town,
Break lamps, and knock poor watchmen down:
Or whether, shunning midnight riot,
Thou lull'st them in delicious quiet,
And in the intervals of sleep
Bidst Love his tender vigils keep:

ODE XXI.—LIB. 3.

O Nata mecum Consule Manlio
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum;

I cannot broach thee on a day,
So likely to be blythe and gay;
Since NED, that foe to spleen and sorrow,
Consents to be my guest to-morrow.

He will not, though immers'd in reading,
And the dull forms of special pleading,
Refuse the gayly-circling glass,
When call'd to toast his favourite lass:
E'en MANSFIELD,* when in life's decline,
Is known to have grown warm with wine.

T———, as surly as the Devil,
Soften'd by thee, is wond'rous civil;

Quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die,
Descende, Corvino jubente
Promere languidora vina.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.
Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero incaluisse virtus.

---

* The first Earl of MANSFIELD.

And W————H,* though by nature close,
Is leaky, when he gets his dose.

Wine whispers, like a kind physician,
Hope to a dying opposition;
And, though in prison, comfort preaches
To Generals,† who have lost their breeches.

Freed from the bench, when B————T‡ plies
The bottle, he *looks* wond'rous wise;

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyæo.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Viresque; et addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regnum apices, neque militum arma.

---

* The late Viscount W——H, afterwards Marquis of B—h.

† General PRESCOTT, in the American war, was literally caught napping on Rhode-Island, and conveyed away prisoner, by the party who surprised him in bed, to Providence, without permitting him to dress himself.

‡ The late Earl B————T.

And H———, reeling from Pall-Mall,
Bids duns and bailiffs go to hell.
Then while the taper's waxen light
With friendly aid prolongs the night;
Let VENUS, and the Graces three,
Not over coy, nor yet too free,
Delight us, till the day advance,
With music, song, and sprightly dance;
And, dress'd in cheerfulness divine,
Inspire with wit the God of Wine.

Te Liber, et, si læta aderit, Venus,
Segnésque modum solvere Gratiæ,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

ODE XXXVIII. BOOK I.

FRIZ me no more—I cannot bear
Mountains of powder on my hair,
And oceans of pomatum;
Let city prigs, or courtly beaus,
Wear the scarce bag, or *scarcer rose*,*
I will not, for I hate 'em.
Thus to be feather'd as an owl,
Or larded like a Gallic fowl,
For Englishmen is horrid!
Dress me no longer like a fop,
But bring my Scratch, whose Tyburn top
Lies snug upon my forehead.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari, rosa quò locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

---

* An appendage to the wig.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

HORACE AND LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILE I, reclin'd in thy fond faithful arms,
Enjoy'd without a rival all thy charms,
Bless'd in thy love, I wish'd not to be great,
Nor envy'd all the Persian Monarch's state!

ODE IX. LIB. 3.

Hor. DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachiâ candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui Rege beatior.

LYDIA.

When with delight thy LYDIA's voice was heard,
Nor haughty CHLOE's charms to mine preferr'd;
Rais'd high above her sex, thy LYDIA mov'd,
Nor envy'd ILIA's fame, while HORACE lov'd.

HORACE.

Now CHLOE tunes my soul to soft desire,
Skill'd in the song, and mistress of the lyre;
For whom I'd suffer death, if fate would save
The fair survivor from th' untimely grave!

LYDIA.

The blooming CALAIS inflames my breast
With rapt'rous warmth, caressing and carest;

Lyd. Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Iliâ.

Hor. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
Dulces doctа modos et citharæ sciens:
Pro quа non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Lyd. Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti;

For whom I twice would suffer death with joy,
If Fate would spare the dear surviving boy!

HORACE.

What if our former loves return again,
And re-unite us in a firmer chain?
What if thy rival's short-lived empire cease,
And all our childish quarrels end in peace?

LYDIA.

Although my CALAIS is brighter far
Than the mild lustre of the morning star;
THOU, light as air, and fretful as the sea;—
Yet my fond foolish heart would live and die with THEE!

Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Hor. Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductósque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

Lyd. Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

ADDRESSED TO

R. A. NEVILLE, ESQUIRE,

NOW LORD BRAYBROOKE.

WHEN clouds obscure the moon's pale ray,
And stars a feeble light display;
And the loud winds, that round him roar,
Threaten to dash his bark on shore;
The Nabob prays the Gods for ease,
And mourns the hour he cross'd the seas.
The Indians, who their lakes have past,
To fight for General Bombast;*
With tomahawks, to strike "*terrorem*,"
And knives, for scalping, all before 'em;

ODE XVI. LIB. 2.

OTIUM Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis:

---

* The late Gen. B. whom it was the fashion to extol, before his disasters, as a great writer, as well as a great commander.

Soon find that ease is more inviting,
And grow completely sick of fighting,
In spite of all the General's writing!

All wish the sweets of ease to share—
Ease is the universal prayer:
Yet, though to give it all its due,
It loves, dear DICK, to live with you;
To Lords and Bishops it is cold,
And is not to be bought for gold.
For 'tis not wealth, nor pomp, nor pow'r,
The rising sigh that can suppress,
Nor to the wounded heart restore
The healing balm of happiness:
Nor can the centinels, who guard
Each entrance to the palace-yard,

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis, neque purpura venale, nec auro.

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Exclude, with all their watchful care,
The anguish, that torments despair.

Shunning *St. James*'s royal dome,
Contentment seeks his humbler home,
Who sees his friends, but not in state,
And pays no duty on his plate:
He, when the social supper's o'er,
Ne'er locks at night his chamber-door,
No sordid wish, no terror knows,
But sleeps with undisturb'd repose.

Ah! why, since life is but a span,
Will foolish mortals hourly plan
Extensive schemes, that would engage
The labours of a Patriarch's age?
Or why to distant countries run,
Illumin'd by another sun?

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor aut Cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes

Could KINGSTON, whose unsettled mind
Urg'd her in foreign climes to roam,
In *Italy* that comfort find,
Which mock'd her fruitless search at home?
In vain she climbs each Alpine hill—
Self haunts her, self torments her still!

On wings that far outstrip the wind,
Care flies, and leaves each cloud behind;
Now climbs the copper'd vessel's side,
And takes her melancholy stand;
While *Spain*'s insulting scoffs deride
The injur'd HOSIER's unnerv'd hand.
And now she mounts with restless force,
Behind th' affrighted General's horse;
And petrifies, on M——'s plain,
The trembling spirit of G————E.

Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

He who enjoys the present hour,
But little leaves in fortune's pow'r;
Nor yet anticipates with sorrow,
The misery that may come to-morrow;
And if it come, with firm disdain,
Smiles calmly mid severest pain.

To man 'twas never given to know
Long years of bliss, unmix'd with woe:
WOLFE—great in arms, his country's pride—
In manhood's prime, in battle died!
And though the dark decrees of Fate
To MARLBOROUGH gave a lengthen'd date,
He too had better far been slain,
Than live to be a child again!

Even I, perhaps,—though Heav'n forfend
That I should lose so lov'd a friend!—

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est,
Oderit curare; et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:

Might live to mourn the fatal doom,
That waits THEE, in the silent tomb!

Yet, keeping still the balance even,
Fortune to thee has kindly given
A large domain—on many a mead
Your herds and flocks securely feed:
Alderney cows supply your dairy,
And for your phaeton so airy
Your high-bred bays, their speed displaying,
Answer the gentle whip with neighing.
In your gay wardrobe I behold
Rich velvets, and brocades of gold;
In which, when wint'ry tempests frown,
And Fashion's vot'ries fill the town,
At balls and operas you appear,
And whisper in sweet GRENVILLE's ear.

Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ: tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

But I—so very hard my fate—
(Thanks to the wise heads of the state,
Who've thrown away, what *France* will prize,
The Commerce with our Colonies)
Poor I, alas! can scarcely clear
Enough to buy three suits a-year
Of common cloth; or if I'm seen
Full-dress'd, it is but in ratteen.
To live in *Berks* I've not the luck—
My villa is the *Dog and Duck*;
Which often draws the city belles
From *Conduit-House* and *Bagnidge-Wells.*

Yet though in town I kill the time,
I thank the Muse that I can rhyme;
Can catch, if you my strains inspire,
The spirit of the Roman lyre;
And, of your praises justly proud,
Despise the censures of the crowd.

Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

TO *** ****, ESQ;

AT *****, IN NORTH-WALES.

HARK! how the Northern whirlwinds blow!
And see! what drifted heaps of snow
On Snowdon rise in awful state!
The forests bend beneath their weight;
And hoary frost, with icy chains,
Old Conway's flowing pride restrains.
Raise, then, my friend, the genial fire,
And heap the blazing billets higher;
With plenty let thy board be crown'd
And briskly pass thy claret round,
And let the pipe and tabor sound:

ODE IX. LIB. I.

VIDES, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte: nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, gelúque
Flumina constiterint acuto?
Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Largè reponens, atque benigniùs
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,

So shall, well-pleas'd, each sex adore thee,
And winter melt away before thee!

Thus blest in what kind fate has given,
Rejoice—and leave the rest to heaven;
Who bids the tempests cease to roar,
And lo! the wild woods wave no more.

Nor strive with vain prophetic sorrow,
To trace the secrets of to-morrow;
But driving restless thought away,
Be thankful thou hast liv'd to-day:
For care morose, and anxious fears,
Suit only the cold frost of years;
And while youth's swelling passions move
Thy bosom, give a loose to love.

O Thallarche, merum diota.
Permitte Divis cætera: qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Deprœliantes; nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere: et
Quem fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores

Haste then to town, where he invites
His votaries to *new** delights;
And the kind masquerade prepares,
Propitious to their am'rous prayers;
Thither to meet thy mistress go,
Unnoticed in a domino;
With her th' appointed hour agree,
And softly whisper, when you see
The fav'rite mask, "Do you know me?"
Or if a secret wish prevails
To toy the winter months in Wales;
As you for romping may prefer
The daughters of Cadwallader;
With Christmas gambols pray remember,
To cheer the gloom that clouds December.

Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas;
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora.
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo

---

* The revival of masquerades took place about the time this Ode was imitated.

Then while at blind-man's buff you're playing,
And in the dark at random straying;
When CELIA's well-known laugh reveals
The corner that the nymph conceals;
From the fond bosom of the fair
Snatch the bright cross that glitters there;
(While faintly calling for assistance,
She feigns, and only feigns, resistance;)
Or slyly from her arm remove
Her bracelet, as a pledge of love.

Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo;
Pignusque deremptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.

ODE IV. BOOK 3.

DESCEND from Heav'n, CALLIOPE, and sing,
Parent divine of sacred verse, with voice
Of lengthen'd melody, whose solemn strains
Sole, or responsive to Apollo's lyre,
Ravish the list'ning bard! And, hark! her song
Now pours (so fancy whispers) on my ears
Celestial warblings; while through hallow'd groves
I seem to stray, and fann'd by gentle gales,
Catch inspiration from their sacred streams!

ODE IV. LIB. 3.

DESCENDE cœlo, et dic age tibiâ,
Regina longum, Calliope, melos,
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus citharâve Phœbi.

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire, et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

On the proud summit of my native hills,
Beyond the confines of Apulia, fam'd
For tales romantic, where at early dawn
My sportive childhood rov'd, fatigu'd with play.
Sleep seiz'd my weary'd limbs—when, strange to tell!
With the first leaves that deck the infant spring,
The ring-doves cover'd me! Amazement seiz'd
The neighbouring tenants of the airy height
Of Acherontia, Bantia's fertile glades,
And rich Ferentum's vale:—"None but a God,
"None but a God," the wond'ring people cry'd,
"From th' envenom'd snake and famish'd bear,

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes

Texere: mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicumque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ,
Saltúsque Bantinos, et arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti:

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacra
Lauróque collataque myrto,
Non sine dis animosus infans.

" Could guard the slumbers of the dauntless boy,
" And o'er his head the emblem foliage strew,
" Of laurels heap'd with myrtles."—O ye Nine!
Whether the Sabine mountains I ascend
To Tivoli's lov'd steep, or wind along
Prænestè's cooling streams, or pleas'd repair
To Baia's sea-girt shore: your thrilling quires,
Your tuneful fountains, are my morning song,
And evening meditation. It was ye,
That snatch'd me trembling from Philippi's field,
Mid routed legions; from th' accursed tree's
Impending ruin sav'd me; and the rocks
That lurk beneath the dark Sicilian deep.
My bark adven'trous, if ye lead the way,
Shall the vex'd waves of stormy Bosphorus

Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos; sea mihi frigidum
Prænestè, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ.

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris,
Non me Philippis versa acies retro,
Devota non extinxit arbor,
Nec Sicula Palinurus undâ.

Boldly explore; Assyria's burning sands,
And Britain's fierce inhospitable isle,
Fearless I'll visit; nor shall Scythia's hordes,
While in their gloomy wilds I careless roam,
Have pow'r to hurt me! Oft too have ye charm'd,
In grot Piërian, with immortal verse,
The lofty mind of CÆSAR, when return'd
From conquest's crimson field, he gives repose
To his triumphant legions: there reclin'd,
And fondly wishing all his labours o'er,
He listens, while delighted with the task,
Ye whisper peace: for war hath had his fill,

Utcumque mecum vos eritis, libens
Insanientem navita Bosphorum
Tentabo, et arentes arenas
Littoris Assyrii viator.

Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et lactam equino sanguine Concanum:
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

Vos Cæsarem altum, militiâ simul
Fessas cohortes reddidit oppidis,
Finire quærentem labores,
Pierio recreatis antro,

And o'er the prostrate necks of fallen foes
AUGUSTUS rides victorious. Thus in heav'n
Creation's pow'rful LORD, indignant, wak'd
The lightning of his wrath, what time he smote
With his red thunderbolt the rebel hosts
Of giants, fierce in arms: what though the shock
And onset of the battle first appall'd him,
When from his monst'rous base they Pelion tore,
And on Olympus hurl'd; yet firm he stood,
And all their madd'ning fury rag'd in vain.
Nor could their size enormous, nor the force
Of bold Enceladus, whose spears were pines

Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis almæ. Scimus ut impios
Titanas, immanémque turbam
Fulmine sustulerit caduco,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, et urbes, regnáque tristia,
Divósque, mortalesque turmas
Imperio regit unus æquo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens juventus horrida brachiis,
Fratrésque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

Presuming in his strength, how weak is man!
When reason guides, how mighty! Fost'ring heav'n
Smiles on the virtuous; but the impious crew
Are whelm'd in deep despair. This Gyas rues,
Who lifted all his hundred hands in vain;
And fierce Orion, who, the heav'nly charms
Of Dian's chastity attempting, fell
By the just vengeance of her virgin dart.
Over her monstrous brood, in ruin hurl'd,
Earth labours with her throes, lamenting sore
Her children groaning in the dire abyss

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua:
Vim temperatam Dii quoque provehunt
In majus: idem odĕre vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.

Testis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum notus, et integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virgĭnea domitus sagittâ.

Injecta monstris terra dolet suis;
Mœrétque partus fulmine luridum
Missos ad Orcum: nec peredit
Impositam celer ignis Ætnam:

Uprooted, stand against Minerva's arm,
On whose opposing shield the din of war
Clash'd idly: in the van here Vulcan stood
With his destructive element; and there,
Th' Imperial Sister, and the Wife of Jove:
Nor yet did he the dreadful conflict shun,
Across whose shoulder gleams the golden bow,
Who in the pure Castalian fountain laves
His loosely-flowing tresses, high ador'd
In Lycia's favour'd groves, the Delian God!

Sed quid Typhoëus et validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
Quid Rhœtus, evulsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax

Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes? Hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus; hinc matrona Juno, et
Nunquam humeris positurus arcum.

Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos; qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta, natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patareus Apollo.

Of Orcus, where around the livid flash
Of lightning glares, and Ætna unconsum'd
Still hems them in with quick-devouring flames
That never die! Here Tityus, the slave
Of lawless love, is still the vulture's prey;
And there Pirithous his passion mourns,
For ever bound in adamantine chains.

Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Relinquit ales, nequitiæ additus
Custos: amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.

IMITATIONS

FROM

MARTIAL.

EPIGRAM 87. BOOK IV.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE.

OF Attic taste wouldst thou delight the ear,
Muse, let thy style be elegant and clear;
So shall my BRAYBROOKE not repress thy fire;
But, as he reads with care, with truth admire:
For candour regulates his cultur'd mind,
And as his hints are just, his praise is kind.

Thus if thy page his pleas'd attention draws,
And gathers fame from his correct applause,

EPIG. 87. LIB. IV.

SI vis auribus Atticis probari,
Exhortor, moneoque te, libelle,
Ut docto placeas Apollinari,
Nil exactius, eruditiusque est,
Sed nec candidius, benigniusque.
Si te pectore, si tenebit ore,

Thou need'st not fear the critic's sneering laugh,
Nor witling's jest—that thou art bound in *calf*.
But should (though vanity proclaim it wrong)
His sober judgment disapprove thy song;
However thou may'st fret, and bounce, and vapour,
Thou wilt be fit for nothing but waste paper.

EPIGRAM 70. BOOK III.

DIVORC'D for being false to WILLIAM's bed,
LÆTITIA ties the nuptial knot with NED.
Again LÆTITIA breaks her marriage vow,
And her late husband is her fav'rite now.
Thus in this age of vice we plainly see,
Love has no charms but in Adultery.

Nec rhoncos metues maligniorum,
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas;
Si damnaverit, ad salariorum
Curras scrinia protinus licebit,
Inversa pueris arande charta.

EPIG. 70. LIB. III.

MŒCHUS es Aufidiæ, qui vir, Cervine, fuisti.
Rivalis fuerat qui tuus, ille vir est.
Cur aliena placet tibi, quæ tua non placet uxor?
Numquid securus non potes ——?

EPIGRAM 28. BOOK VI.

EPITAPH.

GLAUCIAS, on whose still-mourn'd untimely bier
All Rome in pity shed the tender tear,
MELIOR's late freedman, (who this stone supplies)
And his too short-liv'd joy, here bury'd lies!
Of morals pure, to modesty he join'd
A graceful form, and an enlighten'd mind;
Yet, like a flow'r in beauty's opening pride,
Ere he had clos'd his thirteenth year, he died.
Reader, whose sorrows o'er his ashes flow,
Be this the only pang thou e'er shalt know!

EPIG. 28. LIB. VI.

LIBERTUS Melioris ille notus,
Tota qui cecidit dolente Roma,
Cari deliciæ breves patroni,
Hoc sub marmore Glaucias humatus,
Juncto Flaminiæ jacet sepulchro:
Castus moribus, integer pudore,
Velox ingenio, decore felix.
Bis senis modo messibus peractis
Vix unum puer applicabat annum.
Qui fles talia, nil fleas viator.

EPIGRAM 70. BOOK VI.

TO H—— L——, ESQUIRE.

THOUGH fifty years, and more, had flown away,
FRANK never kept his bed a single day;
Knew nought of doctors, but to call them prigs,
And point his finger at their bushy wigs.
But, HUGH! a retrospect were we to cast,
On all the tedious days in suff'ring past;
To trace each anxious sigh, and painful groan,
From fever, asthma, or the racking stone,
And set them off 'gainst hours of ease and pleasure—
How dwarf-like would appear life's lessen'd measure!

EPIG. 70. LIB. VI.

SEXAGESIMA, Martiane, messis
Acta est, et puto jam secunda Cottæ.
Nec se tædia lectuli calentis
Expertum meminit die vel uno.
Ostendit digitum, sed impudicum,
Alconti, Dasioque, Symmachoque.
At nostri bene computentur anni,
Et quantum terricæ tulere febres,
Aut languor gravis, aut mali dolores,
A vita meliore separentur:

The melancholy truth would then be told,
That we are infants, though appearing old.
They greatly err, who speak from HOMER's page,
Of NESTOR's, or of PRIAM's, lengthen'd age:
Our life consists not in the years we tell;
That's mere Existence—Life is being well.

EPIGRAM 43. BOOK V.

THE wealth we heap up with increas'd desire,
By thieves is plunder'd, or consum'd by fire;
By knavish bankruptcies our views are crost,
Or what we lent at interest is lost;
Our crops have fail'd, our rents been thrown away
By a false stew'rd, on mistresses, or play;

Infantes sumus, et senes videmur.
Ætatem Priamique, Nestorisque
Longam qui putat esse, Martiane,
Multum decipiturque, falliturque,
Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.

EPIG. 43. LIB. V.

CALLIDUS effracta nummos fur auferet arca.
Prosternet patrios impia flamma Lares.
Debitor usuram pariter, sortemque negabit.
Non reddet sterilis semina jacta seges,
Dispensatorem fallax spoliabit amica.

Or we our richly-laden ships deplore,
Found'ring at sea, or wreck'd upon the shore:
Thus Fortune's grasp o'er all we have extends,
Save what we gen'rous give to grateful friends.

EPIGRAM 59. BOOK V.

YES, I will live to-morrow, HENRY cries;
But, HENRY! when will that *to-morrow* rise?
Instruct us where, or how it may be found!
Under the Line, or near the frozen Sound?
NESTOR or PRIAM was not half so old—
Name us the price, and where it can be sold.

Mercibus extructas obruet unda rates.
Extra fortunam est quidquid donatur amicis.
Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

EPIG. 59. LIB. V.

CRAS te victurum, cras dicis, Postume, semper:
Dic mihi cras istud, Postume, quando venit?
Quam longe cras istud, ubi est, aut unde petendum?
Numquid apud Parthos, Armeniosque latet?
Jam cras istud habet Priami vel Nestoris annos,
Cras istud quanti dic mihi possit emi?
Cras vives: hodie jam vivere, Postume, serum est;
Ille sapit, quisquis, Postume, vixit heri.

You'll live *to-morrow*, still you fondly say;
Alas! 'tis late enough to live *to-day*.
Far wiser he, in pleasures unalloy'd,
Who *now* can say, I *yesterday* enjoy'd.

EPIGRAM 34. BOOK VII.

TO A FRIEND,

With a Hint for a Suit of Clothes.

WHEN from my cottage all in vain,
I strove to keep the wind and rain,
You gave me tiles to mend my roof,
And made it wind and water proof:
Now Boreas swells his piercing note,
And chills me through my thread-bare coat.
Thus if *my suit* you still deny,
My house is better off than I.

EPIG. 34. LIB. VII.

CUM pluvias, madidumque Jovem perferre negaret,
Et rudis hibernis villa nataret aquis,
Plurimaque posset subitos effundere nimbos,
Manibus venit tegula missa tuis.
Horridus ecce sonat Boreæ stridore December:
Stella tegis villam, non tegis agricolam.

EPIGRAM 53. BOOK II.

FOR independence, what a farce to sigh!
When all your actions give your tongue the lie.
Are you in earnest?—Dine not with the great;
Flattery's the tax for eating off of plate.
POMPOSO for his ven'son never court;
Go, dine at home on steaks, drink humble Port:
Coarse be your coat, like mine—your mistress willing,
And dropping a low curtesy for a shilling:
If in your cottage then, *once* plaister'd white,
You'r happy, though you scarcely stand upright;
Resigning luxuries to those who need 'em,
You'll realise by deeds your wish for freedom.

EPIG. 53. LIB. II.

VIS fieri liber? mentiris, Maxime, non vis:
Sed fieri si vis, hac ratione potes.
Liber eris, cœnare foris si, Maxime, nolis:
Veientana tuam si domat uva sitim:
Si ridere potes miseri chrysendeta Cinnæ:
Contentus nostra si potes esse toga.
Si plebeia Venus gemino tibi vincitur asse:
Si tua non rectus tecta subire potes:
Hæc tibi si vis est, si mentis tanta potestas,
Liberior Partho vivere rege potes.

EPIGRAM 35. BOOK VIII.

AS JACK and JOAN, have prov'd by both their lives,
That he's the worst of husbands, she of wives;
It strikes me with astonishment to see
A pair so very like so ill agree.

EPIGRAM 79. BOOK VIII.

IF CELIA walk the park, frequent the play,
Or in her curricle her whip display;
A worn-out Harridan of hideous mien,
And old as ugly, at her side is seen.
Thus CELIA, still, by flattering poets sung,
Contrives to seem—both beautiful and young.

EPIG. 35. LIB. VIII.

CUM sitis similes, paresque vita,
Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

EPIG. 79. LIB. VIII.

OMNES aut vetulas habes amicas,
Aut turpes, vetulisque fœdiores:
Has ducis comites, trahisque tecum
Per convivia, porticus, theatra.
Sic formosa, Fabulla, sic puella es.

EPIGRAM 15. BOOK VII.

I'VE numerous wants, and nothing to supply them,
Unless I sell your presents—Will you buy them?

EPIGRAM 76. BOOK I.

OF the hundred you ask'd me to *lend*,
When I *gave* you the half, I was thrifty;
For as paying you never intend,
'Twas a palpable saving of fifty.

EPIGRAM 44. BOOK V.

WHILE CELIA's teeth are black as jet,
How white are CHLOE's grown!
The truth is—CHLOE bought her set;
CELIA's are all her own!

EPIG. XV. LIB. 7.

ÆRA domi non sunt, superest hoc, Regule, tantum,
Ut tua vendamus munera: nunquid emis?

EPIG. 76. LIB. I.

DIMIDIUM donare Lino, quam credere totum,
Qui mavult, mavult perdere dimidium.

EPIG. 44. LIB. V.

THAIS habet nigros, niveos Lecania, dentes.
Quæ ratio est? emtos hæc habet, illa suos.

EPIGRAM 55. BOOK I.

AMONG the friends whom you with warmth embrace,
If still your heart retain a vacant place;
Reject me not, because the envious say,
You knew me as it were but yesterday.
There was a time, when some, who now decry
My zeal to please you, were as strange as I:
Consider only, if my conduct past
Entitle you to think, your love will last!

EPIGRAM 12. BOOK IV.

THOUGH for refusing *no one*, SAL's to blame;
'Tis her refusing *nothing* stamps her shame.

EPIG. 55. LIB. I.

SI quid, Fusce, vacas adhac amari:
Nam sunt hinc tibi, sunt et hinc amici,
Unum si superest locum rogamus.
Nec me, quod tibi sum novus, recuses.
Omnes hoc veteres tui fuerunt.
Tu tantum inspice, qui novus paratur,
An possit fieri vetus sodalis.

EPIG. 12. LIB. IV.

NULLI, Thai, negas, sed si te non pudet istud,
Hoc saltem pudeat, Thai, negare nihil.

EPIGRAM 87. BOOK I.

TO CLEON's mansion mine so closely stands,
We from our windows might almost shake hands.
Thus envy pines at my propitious fate,
Thinking, forsooth, we are exceeding *great*:
Though from his house I might be as remote,
As if I were the guest of John a Grote.
Yet since some busy people seem to wonder,
Why we who dwell so near, live so asunder;
And CLEON is by art or nature shy;
He from his quarters must remove, or I.
And they who CLEON never wish to see,
If not his neighbours, should his inmates be.

EPIG. 87. LIB. I.

VICINUS meus est, manuque tangi
De nostris Novius potest fenestris.
Quis non invideat mihi, putetque
Horis omnibus esse me beatum,
Juncto cui liceat frui sodale?
Tam longe est mihi, quam Terentianus,
Qui nunc Niliacam regit Syenen.
Non convivere licet, nec urbe totâ
Quisquam est tam prope, tam proculque nobis.
Migrandum est mihi longius, vel illi.
Vicinus Novio, vel inquilinus
Sit, si quis Novium videre non vult.

EPIGRAM 108. BOOK XI.

MY book, its leaves cut open, back you send,
As if you had perus'd it to the end;
Nay, more,—you hint as if 'twas vastly fine.
JOHN, so I read and prais'd five books of thine!

EPIGRAM 9. BOOK II.

I write to AM'RET that with love I burn,
But from her silence meet with no return;
Yet if she read the billet-doux I sent,
Who knows but AMORET may still relent?

EPIGRAM 93. BOOK XI.

HE errs, who vicious calls your love of pelf;
It is not vicious—it is Vice itself.

EPIG. 108. LIB. XI.

EXPLICITUM nobis usque ad sua cornua librum,
Et quasi perfectum, Septiciane, refers.
Omnia legisti: credo, scio, gaudeo, verum est.
Perlegi libros sic ego quinque tuos.

EPIG. 9. LIB. II.

SCRIPSI, rescripsit nil Nævia: non dabit ergo?
Sed puto, quod scripsi, legerat: ergo dabit.

EPIG. 93. LIB. XI.

MENTITUR, qui te vitiosum, Zoile, dixit.
Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed vitium.

EPIGRAM 63. BOOK III.

AS you are one, Sir HARRY, prythee tell us,
What gave you all the name of pretty fellows?
A pretty fellow's head is comb'd with care
In separate curls, and perfumes scent his hair;
He hums soft love-songs with affected ease,
And twists his form in attitudes to please!
At ALMACK's each subscription-night appears,
And whispers scandal in her Grace's ears;
Crams ill-spelt *billet-doux* with flames and darts,
Or steals with tender sighs unwary hearts;
At dinner must not be approach'd too nigh,
For if his clothes were rumpled, he would die:

EPIG. 63. LIB. III.

COTILE, bellus homo es, dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi,
Audio: sed quid sit, dic mihi, bellus homo?
Bellus homo est flexo qui digerit ordine crines:
Balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet:
Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat:
Qui movet in varios brachia volsa modos:
Inter fœmineas tota qui luce cathedras
Desidet, atque aliqua semper in aure sonat:
Qui legit hinc, illinc missas, scribitque tabellas:
Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti:

Knows when the Marquis first had Lady B,
And beats Lord L. in genealogy.
Enough, Sir HARRY!—'tis Herculean work;
I vow to GOD, I'd rather be a Turk.

EPIGRAM 26. BOOK III.

NATURE and Art have lavish'd ev'ry charm
On thy proud mansion, and thy fertile farm:
Thy cellar's stor'd with wines, thy bags with pelf:
Sole taster, sole proprietor, thyself!
Yet though in knowledge thou alone would'st shine,
And wit, thou sayst, exclusively is thine;
That ev'ry thing is thine, I can't agree;
Thy wife, for instance—her we share with thee!

Qui scit, quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit:
Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos.
Quid narras? hoc est, hoc est, homo, Cotile, bellus?
Res petricosa est, Cotile, bellus homo.

EPIG. 26. LIB. III.

PRÆDIA solus habes, et solus, Candide, nummos:
Aurea solus habes, myrrhina solus habes:
Massica solus habes, et Opimi Cæcuba solus:
Et cor solus habes, solus et ingenium.
Omnia solus habes: hoc me puto velle negare:
Uxorem sed habes, Candide, cum populo.

EPIGRAM II. BOOK VI.

THOUGH Friendship once was deem'd a sacred vow,
Where's PYLADES, and where ORESTES now?
They are no more! but if it do not strike,
Learn, SAM, the cause from me—*they* far'd alike.
From the same cup and dish, they drank and ate;
Betwixt us two the difference how great!
You dine on turtle, I on mutton-stew,
Yet I'm as great an epicure as you.
You're richly dress'd, in thread-bare coat I go;
When out at elbows, can I like a beau?
Love that you may be lov'd,—ORESTES be;
And you will find a PYLADES in me.

EPIG. II. LIB. VI.

QUOD non sit Pylades hoc tempore, non sit Orestes,
Miraris? Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem.
Nec melior panis, turdusve dabatur Oresti:
Sed par, atque eadem cœna duobus erat.
Tu Lucrina voras: me pascit aquosa Peloris,
Non minus ingenua est et mihi, Marce, gula.
Te Cadmæa Tyros, me pinguis Gallia vestit:
Vis te purpureum, Marce, sagatus amem?
Ut præstem Pyladem, aliquis mihi præstet Orestem:
Hoc non fit verbis: Marce, ut ameris, ama.

EPIGRAM 48. BOOK VI.

'TIS not with wit you entertain your guests;
Your *good things* are your dinners, not your jests.

EPIGRAM 67. BOOK II.

WITH a 'How do you do?' in the park, or the street,
You accost me, NICANOR, whenever we meet.
But as you at your bank have your trade to pursue,
To meet me so often,—pray how do *you* do?

EPIGRAM 41. BOOK V.

VENUS you paint, Minerva you admire,
Yet wonder that your picture wanted fire.

EPIG. 48. LIB. VI.

QUOD tam grande sophos clamat tibi turba togata:
Non tu, Pomponi, cœna diserta tua est.

EPIG. 67. LIB. II.

OCCURRIS quocunque loco mihi, Posthume, clamas
Protinus, et prima est hæc tua vox, quid agis?
Hoc, si me decies una convenieris hora,
Dicis. Habes puto tu, Posthume, nil quod agas.

EPIG. 41. LIB. V.

PINXISTI Venerem: colis, Artemidore, Minervam,
Et miraris, opus displicuisse tuum?

BOOK II. EPIGRAM 19.

YOU think me happy when I'm ask'd to dine,
And more than happy, if a guest of thine:
But he, to whom your dinner is a treat,
Must be the veriest beggar in the street!

EPIGRAM 40. BOOK VI.

WHEN, LYCE, you were young and fair,
I felt love's warm desire;
Now SOPHY, as these sighs declare,
Has set my heart on fire.
What she is now, you cannot be;
But 'twill be SOPHY's turn,
In your sad fate, her own to see,
And my unkindness mourn.

EPIG. 19. LIB. II.

FELICEM fieri credis me, Zoile, cœna:
Felicem cœna, Zoile, deinde tua?
Debet Aricino conviva recumbere clivo,
Quem tua felicem, Zoile, cœna facit.

EPIG. 40. LIB. VI.

FŒMINA præferri potuit tibi nulla, Lycori,
Præferri Glyceræ fœmina nulla potest.
Hæc erit hoc, quod tu: tu non potes esse, quod hæc est.
Tempora quid faciunt! hanc volo, te volui.

EPIGRAM 14. BOOK I.

WHEN from her side chaste ARRIA drew the sword,
Streaming with blood, and gave it to her lord;
She cried, "It does not pain me,—if I sigh,
'Tis for the wound, that bids my PŒTUS die!"

EPIGRAM 9. BOOK IX.

WHEN CHARLES kills a buck, TOM is often his guest,
Yet he makes him the butt of his scurrilous jest:
'Tis an Epicure's int'rest to fawn and to flatter;
If on *ven'son* he'd dine, let him give up his satire.
But to my admonitions so ill he attends,
That in every sense he *makes game* of his friends!

EPIG. 14. LIB. I.

CASTA suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis.
Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit:
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

EPIG. 9. LIB. IX.

CŒNES, Canthare, cum foris libenter;
Clamas, et maledicis, et minaris.
Deponas animos truces, monemus:
Liber non potes, et gulosus esse.

BOOK VIII. EPIGRAM 69.

SAM says, the Ancients only should be read,
And no one is a poet till he's dead;
Yet SAM, I hope, the freedom will forgive,
That I decline his praise, and mean to live.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAM 77.

ROBB'D of two hundred pounds you fretful say,
I owe you twenty, which I must repay.
To suffer for another's crime is hard;
I did not cog the die, nor palm the card:
Then since by fortune bless'd, you still have plenty,
And can two hundred lose—e'en lose the twenty!

EPIG. 69. LIB. VIII.

MIRARIS veteres, Vacerra, solos,
Nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas.
Ignoscas petimus, Vacerra; tanti
Non est ut placeam tibi, perire.

EPIG. 77. LIB. XI.

SOLVERE, Pæte, decem tibi me sestertia cogis:
Perdiderat quoniam Bucco ducenta tibi.
Ne noceant, oro, mihi non mea crimina: tu qui
Bis centena potes perdere, perde decem.

EPIGRAM 27. BOOK VII.

TO THE HON. T. ERSKINE.

SO may your trees, whether for shade or shew,
Though *oft transplanted*,* more luxuriant grow;
When you from RUFUS' wrangling Hall repair,
To snatch a short repose in Hampstead air:
So may that flow of wit be ever thine,
That gives new flavour to thy oldest wine:
So may the Bar admire thy manly sense,
Kindling with fire, or grac'd with eloquence;
While numerous briefs, with guineas cover'd o'er,
Still court admittance at thy crowded door:
So may thy worth the same attention draw
From courts of princes, as from courts of law.

EPIG. 27. LIB. VII.

SIC Tiburtinæ crescat tibi silva Dianæ,
Et properet cæsum sæpe redire nemus.
Nec Tartessiacis Pallas tua, Fusce, trapetis
Cedat, et immodici dent bona musta lacus.
Sic fora mirentur, sic te palatia laudent,
Excolat et geminas plurima palma fores:

* The Hon. Counsellor is fond of transplanting the same trees in different parts of his garden: he manages matters better in Westminster-Hall.

If, ERSKINE, thou at leisure wilt peruse
These faithful lines, that copy MARTIAL's muse;
And should thy judgment of my humble lays
Compel thee more to censure than to praise;
By kindness let the truth so soften'd be,
That you'd be willing it were said to thee.

EPIGRAM 33. BOOK IV.

SINCE the gay muse you court with keen delight,
Withold not, SAM, the Epigrams you write.
" My heirs," you say, " will print them when I'm
" dead!"
' Your heirs!—O how they long to have them read!'

Otia dum medius præstat tibi parva December,
Exige, sed certa quos legis aure jocos.
Scire libet verum, res est hæc ardua, sed tu
Quod tibi vis dici, dicere, Fusce, potes.

EPIG. 33. LIB. IV.

PLENA laboratis habeas cum scrinia libris,
Emittis quare, Sosibiane, nihil?
Edent hæredes, inquis, mea carmina: quando?
Tempus erat jam te, Sosibiane, legi.

EPIGRAM 61. BOOK X.

HERE lies, late warm with life, now mute and cold,
My sweet EROTION, scarcely six years old!
Whoe'er thou art, that after me shall own
This field, containing her sepulcral stone;
If ev'ry year the wonted rites be paid,
With fond devotion to her little shade;
Oh! may it ne'er, while Fate prolongs thy breath,
Receive another monument of death!

EPIGRAM 64. BOOK I.

Let not my Epigrams to TOM be shewn;
TOM's only anxious to recite his own.

EPIG. 61. LIB. X.

HIC festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
Crimine quam fati sexta perenit hiems.
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Manibus exiguis annua justa dato.
Sic Lare perpetuo, sic tumba hospite solus
Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

EPIG. 64. LIB. I.

UT recitem tibi nostra rogas epigrammata, nolo.
Non audire, Celer, sed recitare cupis.

EPIGRAM 72. BOOK X.

FLATTERY! to me in vain thou com'st forlorn,
With pallid lips by forc'd caresses worn:
Rome by base sycophants no more is trod,
Trajan disdains the honours of a God.
To Parthia's realms thou and thy crew retreat,
There kiss on bended knee the sovereign's feet:
Our Prince, our Emperor, is here ador'd,
As the first Senator, but not as Lord.
While at his call, with hair all silver-white,
Plain Truth appears, who long lay hid in night:

EPIG. 72. LIB. X.

FRUSTRA, blanditiæ, venitis ad me
Attritis, miserabilesque labellis:
Dicturus dominum, deumque non sum.
Jam non est locus hac in urbe vobis:
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et tumpes humilesque, supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum.
Non est hic dominus, sed Imperator,
Sed justissimus omnium senator:
Per quem de Stygia domo reducta est
Siccis rustica veritas capillis.

Yet Truth declares, though she reveres the plan,
That he, who Flatt'ry hates, is more than man.

EPIGRAM 53. BOOK VIII.

WITH our females for beauty as none may compare,
Or for profligate manners, and impudent air;
I should love you, Belinda, (forgive me my taste)
If a little less handsome—a little more chaste.

EPIGRAM 98. BOOK IX.

WHEN from his patient a physician stole
(His patient fond of punch) a silver bowl;
Caught in the fact, yet from the charge not shrinking,
"Zounds, man!" he cried, "you would have
"died of drinking!"

Hoc sub principe, si sapis, caveto,
Verbis, Roma, priorum loquacis.

EPIG. 53. LIB. VIII.

FORMOSISSIMA quæ fuere, vel sunt,
Sed vilissima quæ fuere, vel sunt.
O quam te fieri, Catulla, velim,
Formosam minus, aut magis pudicam!

EPIG. 98. LIB. IX.

CLINICUS Herodes trullam [illegible]
Deperiens dixit, studio, quid [illegible]

EPIGRAM 77. BOOK IV.

PLEAS'D and contented with my little store,
I never importun'd the gods for more;
But to propitious Fortune now I pray,
That she would drive pale Poverty away.
Whence springs in me this sudden wish for pelf?
That SAM may see me rich, and hang himself!

EPIGRAM 27. BOOK III.

THOUGH at my table, NED you often see,
NED never thinks of once inviting me:
Yet to forgive him I should still incline,
Did he not ask his other friends to dine.
Thus NED, and I, are equally to blame—
As I have no discretion, NED no shame!

EPIG. 77. LIB. IV.

NUNQUAM divitias deos rogavi,
Contentus modicis meoque lætus.
Paupertas, veniam dabis, recede.
Causa est tam subiti, novique voti?
Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.

EPIG. 27. LIB. III.

NUNQUAM me revocas, venias cum sæpe vocatus:
Ignosco, nullum si modo, Galle, vocas.
Invitas alios: vitium est utriusque. Quod? inquis.
Et mihi cor non est, nec tibi, Galle, pudor.

EPIGRAM 75. BOOK VII.

TO your friends, little JACKY! how fondly you boast,
You at dinner amuse your illustrious host;
And you think, having ventur'd on some lucky hit,
Though a pigmy in size, you're a giant in wit:
But, thrown off like a *coat* out of fashion, you prove,
That you *fitted* his humour, but never his love!

EPIGRAM 80. BOOK IV.

JOHN at my cottage was a constant guest,
And smok'd, all day, his pipe, and crack'd his jest:
Then what a fool was JOHN, his own to buy,
And when I sold it, what a cheat was I!

EPIG. 75. LIB. VII.

QUOD te diripiunt potentiores
Per convivia, porticus, theatra,
Et tecum, quoties ita incidisti,
Gestari juvat, et juvat lavari:
Nolito nimium tibi placere.
Delectas, Philomuse: non amaris.

EPIG. 80. LIB. IV.

Hospes eras nostri semper, Matho, Tiburtini.
Hoc emis: imposui. Rus tibi vendo tuum.

EPIGRAM 69. BOOK II.

WHEN PHIL dines out, 'tis not his will complies,
This PHIL affirms, yet I'll be sworn he lies.
QUEENSB'RY to dine abroad would often roam,
To 'scape the dull monotony of home.
" If you dislike it, PHIL, why go at all?"
' I can't resist,' you say, ' each friendly call:
' I am compell'd.'—" Just so, as I'm a sinner,
" TOM is compell'd, that suppliant for a dinner:
" To HAL's *three courses* you are ask'd to-day;
" Now shew yourself a man and keep away.
" Else each excuse, though urg'd with seeming force,
" Will prove them like HAL's dinners—words of
" *course*."

EPIG. 69. LIB. II.

INVITUM cœnare foris te, Classice, dicis:
Si non mentiris, Classice, dispeream.
Ipse quoque ad cœnam gaudebat Apicius ire;
Cum cœnaret, erat tristior ille, domi.
Si tamen invitus vadis, cur, Classice, vadis?
Cogor, ais: verum est, cogitur et Selius.
En rogat ad cœnam Melior, te, Classice, rectam.
Grandia verba ubi sunt? Si vir es, ecce nega.

EPIGRAM 45. BOOK VII.

TO grace with verse the present you intend
For me, your indigent, expecting friend,
Torments us both—for I have waited long;
And though I want the gift, could spare the song.
Your muse, I know, possesses sound and sense;
But why must she be coy at my expence?
For though the rich delay may well endure,
Gifts that are *ready-made* best suit the poor.

EPIGRAM 48. BOOK III.

PAUL built an alms-house, while he liv'd in state;
Sure he had somewhere read the book of fate!
For PAUL contriv'd to spend his ill-got pelf;
And now he proves he built it for himself!

EPIG. 45. LIB. VII.

COMMENDARE tuum dum vis mihi carmine munus,
Mæonioque cupis doctius ora loqui:
Exercucias multis pariter, me, teque diebus:
Et tua de nostro, Prisce, Thalia placet.
Divitibus poteris Musas, elegosque sonantes
Mittere, pauperibus munera pexa dato.

EPIG. 48. LIB. III.

PAUPERIS extruxit cellam, sed vendidit Ollus
Prædia: nunc cellam pauperis Ollus habet.

EPIGRAM 88. BOOK VII.

GO, happy Rose! and thy gay wreath prepare,
To deck my lovely EMMA's auburn hair;
And still around her brow thy tints display,
Till time shall turn those auburn locks to grey.
So may'st thou ever bloom in Paphian bow'rs,
And be to Beauty's Queen the Queen of Flow'rs.

EPIGRAM 72. BOOK IV.

"GIVE me," cries PHIL, "the Epigrams you
"write!"
'I've sold them all: they're to be had of WHITE.'
"What! in my senses, trifling verses buy?
"I'm not indeed so great fool;"—'Nor I!'

EPIG. 88. LIB. VII.

I Felix Rosa, mollibusque sertis
Nostri cinge comas Apollinaris:
Quas tu nectere candidas sed olim,
Sic te semper amet Venus, memento.

EPIG. 72. LIB. IV.

EXIGIS, ut donem nostros tibi, Quincte, libellos
Non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.
Æs dabo pro nugis, et emam tua carmina sanus?
Non, inquis, faciam tam fatue: nec ego.

EPIGRAM 72. BOOK VII.

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE.

BRAYBROOKE! of honour'd NEVILLE worthy heir,
Roam'st thou thy fav'rite woods at Billingbear?
Say, are thy cares* on Britain's weal bestow'd,
At Audley-End's magnificent abode?
Or art thou now in Saville-Row, to see
Thy Uncle's ANCIENT House,† tho' NEW to thee?
Where shall I catch thee? dearest BRAYBROOKE, tell:
For he, who every where, doth no where dwell!

EPIG. 72. LIB. VII.

ESQUILIIS domus est, domus est tibi colle Dianæ,
Et tua patricius culmina vicus habet:
Hinc viduæ Cybeles, illinc saccraria Vestæ,
Inde *novum*, *veterem* prospicis inde Jovem.
Dic, ubi conveniam: *dic*, qua te parte requiram.
Quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime, nusquam habitat.

---

* Lord BRAYBROOKE is lord-lieutenant of Essex.

† Lately occupied by Lady, and before by Lord HOWARD.

EPIGRAM 38. BOOK II.

" WHAT profit have you from your field?"
Cries JOE, with bantering air;
' This profit, JOE, I've known it yield—
' I never see *you* there.'

EPIGRAM 65. BOOK V.

BOY! bid in streams the rich Falernian flow,
And cool its glowing gen'rous warmth with snow;
Profusely o'er my hair choice perfumes shed,
And heap up Pæstan roses on my head.
Yon Mausolea*, tow'ring to the sky,
Teach us to live, when e'en the *Gods* can die.

EPIG. 38. LIB. II.

QUID mihi reddat ager, quæris, Line, Nomentanus?
Hoc mihi reddit ager, te Line, non video.

EPIG. 65. LIB. V.

SEXTANTES, Calliste, duos infunde Falerni:
Tu super æstivas, Alcine, funde nives.
Pinguescat nimio madidus mihi crinis amomo.
Lassenturque rosis tempora sutilibus.
Jam vicina jubent nos vivere Mausolea:
Cum doceat, ipsos posse perire deos.

---

* The tombs of the emperors, who were stiled DIVI, and had Divine honours paid them.

EPIGRAM 51. BOOK IV.

WHEN TOM had scarce a guinea at command,
He still contriv'd to drive his four in hand;
Possess'd of vast estates, and cash to boot,
Now splashing through the dirt, he walks on foot.
Return, ye halcyon days, we all implore,
That TOM again may drive his coach and four!

EPIGRAM 35. BOOK III.

ON this rich vase emboss'd, how clear,
How natural the fish appear!
Fill it with water to the brim,
They'll know their element, and swim!

EPIG. 51. LIB. IV.

CUM tibi non essent sex millia, Cæciliane,
Ingenti late vectus es hexaphoro.
Postquam bis decies tribuit dea cæca, sinumque,
Ruperunt nummi, factus es ecce pedes:
Quid tibi pro meritis, et tantis laudibus optem?
Di reddant sellam, Cæciliane, tibi.

EPIG. 35. LIB. III.

ARTIS Phidiacæ torcuma clarum,
Pisces adspicis: adde aquam, natabunt.

BOOK III. EPIGRAM 9.

IN writing against me, FRANK never succeeds:
For that is not writing, which nobody reads.

EPIGRAM 61. BOOK VIII.

CRŒSUS is such a mean, malignant wight,
That he could almost hang himself for spite:
Not that my Epigrams with fame are crown'd,
Printed by CRUTTWELL, and superbly bound;
But that on Hampstead-Heath, for purer air,
I've a snug box, and drive my coach and pair.
Ye Gods! to punish CRŒSUS, let him be
Reduc'd to that, for which he envies me!

EPIG. 9. LIB. III.

VERSICULOS in me narratur scribere Cinna.
Non scribit, cujus carmina nemo legit.

EPIG. 61. LIB. VIII.

LIVET Carinus, rumpitur, furit, plorat,
Et quærit altos, unde pendeat, ramos:
Non jam quod orbe cantor, et legor toto:
Nec umbilicis quod decorus, et cedro
Spargor per omnes Roma quas tenet gentes:
Sed quod sub urbe rus habemus æstivum,
Vehimurque mulis non ut ante conductis.
Quid imprecabor, ô Severe, liventi?
Hoc opto, mulas habeat, et suburbanum.

EPIGRAM 62. BOOK V.

'WHO is that BEAU, whose amorous looks pursue
'Thy wife where'er she goes—WILL, tell me who?
'When on a couch she sits, who presses near,
'And whispers tender nonsense in her ear;
'Whose brilliant ring emits the brightest ray;
'Whose air and dress the height of ton display?'
"FLORIO!" you answer, "vers'd in legal strife;
"Who manages the business of my wife!"
'I doubt not, WILL, he's faithful to his trust,
'Active in her concerns, uprightly just;
'His ev'ry look the *special pleader* shews,
'He has JACK's ogling eye, and FRED'RICK's nose.

EPIG. 62. LIB. V.

CRISPULUS iste quis est, uxori semper adhæret
Qui, Mariane, tuæ? Crispulus iste quis est
Nescio quid dominæ teneram qui garrit in aurem;
Et sellam cubito dexteriore premit:
Per cujus digitos currit levis annulus omnes:
Crura gerit nullo qui violata pilo?
Nil mihi respondes? Uxoris res agit, inquis,
Iste meæ: sane certus, et asper homo est,
Procuratorem vultu qui præferat ipso:
Acrior hoc Chius non erit Auffidius.

'Our stage has drawn your portraits to the life;
'FLORIO is Bellmour, thou art Fondlewife.
'Manage thy wife's affairs! the droll design—
'Thou dupe!—th' affairs he manages are thine!'

EPIGRAM 47. BOOK VII.

NED has his tables not for use, but state;
Loaded with salvers, lo! his servants wait:
And as they catch each guest's enquiring eye,
Now here with wines, now there with viands fly.
Enjoy these banquets, ye who like a *rout*;
A supper I detest, that *walks about*.

O quam dignus eras alapis, Mariane, Latini,
Te succeſſurum, credo ego, Panniculo.
Res uxoris agit? Res nullus Criſpulus iſte;
Res non uxoris, res agit iſte tuas.

EPIG. 47. LIB. VII.

CUM menſas habeat fere ducentas,
Pro menſis habet Annius miniſtros:
Transcurrunt gabatæ, volantque lances.
Has vobis epulas habere lauti.
Nos offendimur ambulante cœna.

EPIGRAM 22. BOOK VII.

WHAT bliss shall I implore, in tuneful lay,
To greet my MARY on her natal day?
Oh! let it be, inspiring God of Song,
That LIFE her sweet attentions may prolong;
And I each added year more grateful prove,
For her increasing tenderness and love!

EPIGRAM 20. BOOK VI.

'WHEN you heard my necessities wanted your aid,
'Why apply not to me, TOM?' you pressingly said.
But you "*hum*" and you "*haw*," DICK, when put to the trial;
Though methinks it were easy to give a *denial!*

EPIG. 22. LIB. VII.

PHŒBE veni, sed quantus eras cum bella canenda,
Ipse dares Latiæ plectra secunda lyræ,
Quid tanta pro luce precer? Tu, Polla, maritum,
Sæpe cola, et se sentiat ipse coli.

EPIG. 20. LIB. VI.

MUTUA te centum sestertia, Phœbe, rogavi.
Cum mihi dixisses, exigis ergo nihil?
Inquiris, dubitas, cunctaris, meque diebus,
Teque decem cruciás: jam rogo, Phœbe, nega.

EPIGRAM 29. BOOK V.

NO generous motive STEEVENS* ever sways,
To think with kindness, or to speak with praise.
Were you like BLANEY,† vers'd in Hebrew writ;
As FITZROY‡ gentle; as polite as PITT;‖
Like rough old TH——W, faithful to your trust;
Like firm DE GREY,§ inflexible and just;
Gifted with FOX's strong commanding sense,
HARE's polish'd wit, or MANSFIELD's* eloquence;

EPIG. 29. LIB. V.

UT bene loquatur sentiatque Mamercus,
Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis:
Pietate fratres Curtios licet vincas,
Quiete Nervas, comitate Rusones,
Probitate Marcos, æquitate Mauricos,
Oratione Regulos, jocis Paullos.

---

* The Commentator of SHAKESPEARE.
† The Hebrew Professor at Oxford.
‡ The late Lord SOUTHAMPTON. ‖ The late Lord RIVERS.
§ The late Lord WALSINGHAM.
* The first Earl MANSFIELD.

Under the mask of some fictitious name,
He'd sneer, lampoon, or vilify your fame:
Yet while you think he gives his malice vent,
'Tis the mere jaundic'd spleen of discontent!

EPIGRAM 84. BOOK IV.

ESTO NÆVOLE SOLICITUS.

Written in the year 1803.

WHAT various characters in thee we trace;
How great the contrast in, and out of place!
In pow'r, to thy superiors never bending;
To thy inferiors *now* how condescending!
E'en to thy Sov'reign, while at council, proud;
Obsequious *now* at court *amidst the crowd:*
Since meekness springs from mortify'd ambition,
For GOD's sake live and die in Opposition!

Rubiginosis cuncta dentibus rodit.
Hominem malignum forsan esse tu credas:
Ego esse miserum credo, cui placet nemo.

EPIG. 84. LIB. IV.

SECURO nihil est te, Nævole, pejus, eodem
Solicito nihil est, Nævole, te melius.
Securus nullos resalutas, despicis omnes.
Nec quisquam liber, nec tibi gratus homo est:
Solicitus donas, dominum regemque salutas,
Invitas. Esto, Nævole, solicitus.

EPIGRAM 3. BOOK VIII.

WERE not sev'n books, my Muse, an ample store,
Why with an eighth book then augment it more?
'Tis time your sportive playfulness to spare,
And be contented with the wreaths you wear.
See! in my works, recorded as they stand,
Your inspirations pass from hand to hand:
And when to one great ruin time shall doom
The full-throng'd palace, and the silent tomb,
I shall be read, and with my numbers greet
Full many a stranger in his native seat.

With faded cheek, and pale dejected mien,
Hair all uncomb'd, and shift not over clean,
(Sad emblem of poor poets, when distrest!)
My fruitless wish THALIA thus represt:

EPIG. 3. LIB. VIII.

QUINQUE satis fuerant, vel sex, septemque libelli,
Et nimium: quid adhuc ludere, Musa, juvat?
Sit pudor, et finis, jam plus nihil addere nobis
Fama potest: teritur noster ubique liber.
Et cum rupta situ Messalæ saxa jacebunt,
Altaque cum Licini marmora pulvis erunt:
Me tamen ora legent, et secum plurimus hospes
Ad patrias sedes carmina nostra feret.
Finieram, cum sic respondit nona sororum,

" Ungrateful as you are, no more refuse
" To twine another chaplet for the Muse;
" But court the lively trifles I inspire,
" And spurn the tragic and heroic lyre;
" Whose strains old pedagogues, with pompous noise,
" Drum in the ears of their reluctant boys.
" Let musty authors at those labours toil,
" Who, thin and wan, out-watch the midnight oil:
" In your keen page, where Attic wit is free,
" Rome shall, as in a glass, her children see;
" Whose vary'd manners, in proportion due,
" And, true to life, shall be pourtray'd by you.

Cui coma, et unguento sordida vestis erat.
Tunc potes dulces, ingrata, relinquere nugas?
Dic mihi, quid melius desidiosus ages?
An juvat ad tragicos soccum transferre cothurnos,
Aspera vel paribus bella tonare modis,
Prælegat ut tumidus rauca te voce magister,
Oderit et grandis virgo bonusque puer?
Scribant ista graves nimiam, nimiumque severi,
Quos media miseros nocte lucerna videt.
At tu Romano lepidos sale tinge libellos:
Agnoscat mores vita, legatque suos.

" Light though thy reed may sound along the plain,
" 'Tis clearer than the trumpet's epic strain."

EPIGRAM 89. BOOK IX.

LUPERCUS, when I like a fish have been drinking,
And very near under the table am sinking;
You bring me some deeds, tho' too tipsy to read 'em,
(For, you tell me, I promis'd to ZENAS his freedom)
Which you press me to seal, with intreaties most fervent,
Since ZENAS, you say, was my father's own servant.
Come to-morrow, LUPERCUS, and come ere I dine;
For nothing to-day will I seal,* but the wine.

Angusta cantare licet videaris avena,
Dum tua multorum vincat avena tubas.

EPIG. 89. LIB. IX.

SEPTEM post calices Opimiani
Denso cum jaceam triente blæsus,
Affers nescio quas mihi tabellas,
Et dicis, Modo liberum esse jussi:
Zenas servulus est mihi paternus:
Signa. Cras melius, Luperce, fiet.
Nunc signat meus annulus lagenam.

---

* The Romans used to seal the flagon of wine, if not emptied, to prevent their slaves drinking it.

EPIGRAM 4. BOOK XI.

NOT only Rome and Italy admire
My numbers, which the sacred Nine inspire;
But, warm'd by them, the rough centurions glow,
In arms upon the Rhine, mid frost and snow:
E'en the rude Britons read my tuneful verse;
But what avails it with an empty purse?
Happy those Bards who flourish'd in the times,
When sterling pounds were paid for sterling rhimes!
How would my muse have spread AUGUSTUS' name,
And God-like conquests, with the trump of Fame;
Had fate his life been able to prolong,
And his MÆCENAS patroniz'd my song.

EPIG. 4. LIB. XI.

NON urbana mea tantum Pimpleide gaudent
Otia, nec vacuis auribus ista damus:
Sed meus in Geticis ad Martia signa pruinis
A rigido teritur centurione liber.
Dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus.
Quid prodest? Nescit sacculus ista meus.
At quam victuras poteramus pangere chartas,
Quantaque Pieria prælia flare tuba!
Cum pia reddiderint Augustum numina terris,
Et Mæcenatem si mihi Roma daret!

EPIGRAM 13. BOOK V.

MŒVIUS! I am, and have been ever poor,
A tradesman never, nor of birth obscure;
By all the world, while living, I am read,
And crown'd with fame, which few acquire when dead.
Thine a Contractor's wealth, and pomp, and state,
And sumptuous house, and services of plate;
But not the Muse;—for, hark!—(O doom severe!)
The public hiss still vibrates on thine ear:
Thus, what I am, thou canst not hope to be;
Though many a vulgar upstart rivals thee!

EPIG. 13. LIB. V.

SUM, fateor, semperque fui, Callistrate, pauper,
Sed non obscurus, nec male notus eques;
Sed toto legor orbe frequens, et dicitur, Hic est;
Quodque cinis paucis, hoc mihi vita dedit:
At tua centenis incumbunt tecta columnis,
Et libertinas arca flagellat opes:
Magnaque Niliacæ servit tibi gleba Syenes,
Tondet et innumeros Gallica Parma greges,
Hoc ego, tuque sumus: sed quod sum, non potes esse;
Tu quod es, è populo quilibet esse potest.

EPIGRAM 8. BOOK VII.

WHEN DICK had reach'd the age of sixty-three,
He burst upon the world—a *bel esprit:*
Let him the lengthen'd age of NESTOR know,
And DICK in time will be a Cicero.

EPIGRAM 78. BOOK IV.

HAL gives us what he calls a costly treat,
And rich in every thing, but what's to eat;
For in such heaps his gold and silver shine,
As if we came to gaze, and not to dine.
HAL! we are starv'd with all this *empty* state,
And die, like Midas, in the midst of plate.

EPIG. 8. LIB. VII.

CUM sexaginta numeret Casselius annos,
Ingeniosus homo est, quando disertus erit?

EPIG. 78. LIB. IV.

AD cœnam nuper Varus me forte vocavit,
Ornatus dives, parvula cœna fuit.
Auro, non dapibus oneratur mensa, ministri
Apponunt oculis plurima, pauca gulæ.
Tunc ego, Non oculos, sed ventrem pascere veni;
Aut appone dapes, Vare, vel aufer opes.

EPIGRAM 64. BOOK III.

SAFE from the syren's tuneful air,
The sage ULYSSES fled:
But had that proser CHARLES been there,
He would have talk'd him dead!

EPIGRAM 33. BOOK III.

A maid of fair descent should be my bride,
A yeoman's daughter next, were birth deny'd;
And last of all, if neither I could get,
I'd honour with my choice some kind *grisette*:
Nor then regret, if fair in face I thought her,
The maid of fair descent, or yeoman's daughter.

EPIG. 64. LIB. III.

SIRENAS hilarem navigantium pœnam,
Blandasque mortes, guadiumque crudele,
Quas nemo quondam deserebat auditas,
Fallax Ulysses dicitur reliquisse.
Non miror: illud, Cassiane, mirarer,
Si fabulantem Canium reliquisset.

EPIG. 33. LIB. III.

INGENUAM malo: sed si tamen illa negetur,
Libertina mihi proxima conditio est:
Extrema est ancilla loco: sed vincet utramque,
Si facie nobis hæc erit ingenua.

BOOK 38. EPIGRAM IX.

THAT CHARLES, who rhimes himself, objections rais'd,
I little car'd—the partial public prais'd:
For when I give a feast, I rather look
To gratify a guest, than please a cook.

EPIGRAM 43. BOOK VI.

TO LORD BRAYBROOKE.

WHILE you, dear BRAYBROOKE, from the town retreat,
To Essex or in Berks, your ancient seat;
Me the wild scenes of Hampstead-Heath detain,
And my snug cottage with its small domain.
Yet though for me 'twere madness to pretend,
To rival Billingbear or Audley-End;

LIB. 38. LIB. IX.

LECTOR et auditor nostros probat, Aule, libellos:
Sed quidam exactos esse poeta negat.
Non mirum certe: nam cœnæ fercula nostræ
Malim convivis, quam placuisse cocis.

EPIG. 43. LIB. VI.

DUM tibi felices indulgent, Cestrice, Baiæ:
Cumq; sulphureis nympha natatur aquis:

Within my reach such solid comforts rise,
Such lovely objects charm my ravish'd eyes;
That both my reason and my heart approve
"The humble blessing of that life I love."*

There was a time, when young and gay, I flew
From place to place, in search of something new;
Where our old Druids‡ held their dark abodes,
Fearless of lonely inns, and dangerous roads;
But to domestic comforts now alive,
And something more sedate at fifty-five,
In my lov'd bower I hope my days to end,
Cheer'd by the converse of my noble friend:

Me Nomentani confirmant otia ruris,
Et casa jugeribus non onerosa suis.
Hic mihi Baiani soles, mollisque Lucrinus:
Hic vestræ mihi sunt, Castrice, divitiæ.
Quondam laudatas quocunque libebat ad undas

---

* Cowley.

‡ Alluding to a Tour made by the Author into Wales

For there sometimes from London you retire,
Pleas'd with the smiling circle round my fire:
And while yon hills§ that close the distant view,
Recall the pleasures I enjoy'd with you,
(When in our boyish days, at early dawn,
Light as the air we chaced the bounding fawn)
Grateful for every bliss kind Heaven has sent,
I hail the sweet repose of calm content!

Currere, nec longas pertimuisse vias.
Nunc urbi vicina juvant, facilesque recessus,
Et satis est, pigro si licet esse mihi.

---

§ Assey and Bewsey Hills, a few miles distant from Billingbear: they rise in Maidenhead-Thicket, and are very visible from Hampstead-Heath.

☞ *The two following Sonnets were omitted to be inserted before the close of the Original Compositions.*

SONNET,

Written at Bath the 19th of December, 1804.

ADDRESSED TO THE

NYMPH OF THE SPRING.

NYMPH of this Fountain!—not like those of old,
To whom the Pagans paid their rites divine,
In flow'rets,* blood of kids, and votive wine,
In rich libations pour'd—Thee I behold,
Arising at *His* call, on whom alone
The Christian's hope reposes. *HE* with health
Crowns thy pure stream, which neither Pow'r nor Wealth
Regain, unless it flow from Mercy's Throne.
Whoe'er thou art, that dost in sorrow bend
Thy palsy'd frame for succour, look above!
If fervently implor'd, thy SAVIOUR's love
The healing chalice may to thee extend:
Of *human aid* though proud Presumption talk,
'Tis only CHRIST can say—"TAKE UP THY BED,
"AND WALK!"

---

* O Fons Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis hœdo. HOR.

SONNET,

ON

THE YEAR 1805.

ANOTHER YEAR—and no atonement made
For my transgressions! Flying from the task
Of self-examination, can I ask,
Inspir'd with HOPE, for MERCY? To my aid,

DIVINE RELIGION!—pure and sainted Maid!
On Contemplation's Cherub wing, descend;
And to the HOLIEST OF HOLIES bend
My stubborn knee! The Sinner to upbraid,

Thou rather shunn'st; and should Heav'n's chast'ning hand
Afflict him, thou dost breathe into his heart,
If he repent, sweet COMFORT. Then expand
THY SACRED VOLUME! to my soul impart

Thy Spirit meek, thy Fervency of Pray'r,
Thy FAITH, thy TRUTH—and shield me from DESPAIR!

Cruttwell, Printer, St. James's-Street, Bath.

CORRIGENDA.

Page vii, line 14, for *sub oined*, read *subjoined*.
—— 1, l. 3, for 1799, read 1779.
—— 30, l. 3, for *suits*, read *shoots*.
—— 31, l. 1 of motto, for *leggiardi*, read *leggiadri*.
—— 41, l. 9, for *Latmo's*, read *Latmos'*.
—— 53, l. 13, for *Love and his joys*,
read *I ove's rapt'rous joys*.
—— 55, l. 1 of note, for *turni*, read *torni*.
—— 86, l. 14, for *of life's*, read *of love's*.
—— 114, l. 2, for *Sussex*, read *Suffolk*.
—— 128, l. 4, for *oue*, read *ove*.
—— 130, l. 7, for *oue*, read *ove*.
—— 140, l. 2, for *be gliocchi*, read *begli occhi*.
l. 10, for *oue*, read *ove*
—— 142, l. 11, for *non ha schiso*, read *schifo*.
—— 148, l. 3, for *oue*, read *ove*.
—— 153, l. 8, for *ou' anchor*, read *ov' ancor*.
—— 158, l. 1, for *Rossignivol*, read *Rossignuol*.
—— 162, l. 12, for *consorta*, read *conforto*.
—— 173, l. 8, for *swafted up*, read *swafted it up*.
—— 175, l. 7, for *or lineage*, read *and lineage*.
—— 181, l. last, for *bound 'em*, read *bound them*.
—— 182, l. 3, for *round 'em*, read *round them*.
—— 205, l. 12, for *th' envenom'd*, read *the envenom'd*.
—— 222, l. 10, for *you'r*, read *you're*.
—— 243, l. 2 of Latin, for *era*, read *ere*.
—— 244, l. , for *great fool*, read *a great fool*.
—— 246, l. last of Latin, for *decor*, read *decorat*.
—— 250, l. 3 ditto, for *nullus*, read *nullus*.
—— 259, l. 2 ditto, for *invocavi*, read *invocavit*.
—— 264, l. 3, for *in flow'rets*, read *with flow'rets*.

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